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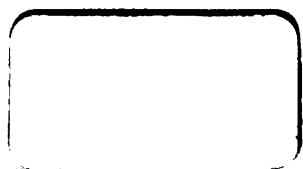
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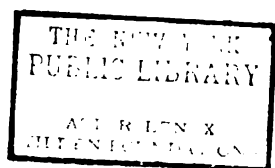
PEACE AND PATRIOTISM

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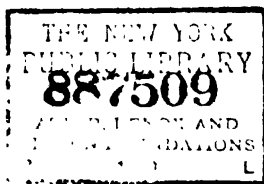
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PEACE AND PATRIOTISM

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To
"LADDIE"

PREFACE

THE purpose of this collection is to bring together into one volume for convenient use some of the best poems, speeches, and other selections emphasizing the ideals of patriotism, internationalism, and service, not only to one's own country but to humanity also. It presents the fundamental ideas of liberty and justice which must prevail if ever there is to be harmony among nations and is designed especially to supplement the reading of patriotic stories, martial poems, and hero tales.

The value of inspirational literature as an aid in developing and strengthening the spirit of patriotism and loyalty is generally recognized and need not be dwelt upon here; for, whatever the new international order, the "spur of the old bards to mighty deeds" will surely still be needed. One result of the participation of the United States in the great World War has been to develop a keener sense of national pride and a stronger desire for service. There has been a renewed emphasis on the duties and obligations of citizenship and even the boys and girls have shared in various forms of war and relief work. Splendid courage and heroic self-sacrifice have been as conspicuous in the "great adventure" of the twentieth century as they have been in crises of the past. But times of peace also require intelligent and enlightened

patriotism and offer just as real opportunities for unselfish service and devotion.

Kipling has truly said,

"God gave all men all earth to love,
But, since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all."

But "to love one's country above all others is not to depise all others," and the European war by bringing the United States into closer association with other nations has led to an increased interest in all questions of international relationships. Our American soldiers have "fought for freedom, not glory; made war that war might cease," and now, as never before, the thoughts of every one are concerned with a possible society of nations, with some method of substituting law for force and preventing in the future such fearful devastation of territory, such wanton destruction of property and of human life as have characterized the years of struggle in Europe since the invasion of Belgium by the German army in 1914. It seems, then, a fitting time to recall the prophetic utterances of those who, in the past, have seen a vision of "the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world"; of those who, in the present time, are striving for the attainment of justice and unity among nations.

Naturally, in dwelling upon the barbarities of war, or the blessings of a world-wide peace, the writers have not in all cases distinguished clearly between the righteous and the unrighteous cause of warfare; but it

is, we may consider, the unjust and aggressive war which is condemned. "The right is more precious than peace" and, if necessary, in the future as in the past, "we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts" — for liberty and for justice. Nevertheless such a war should not be necessary; it is as Virgil long ago called it an "impious" way of settling difficulties among nations. It must needs be eliminated by the education of the social conscience of all peoples. Complete disarmament on the part of a single nation and non-resistance, whatever the provocation, have been proved impracticable by the experience of the last few years and, therefore, material advocating these principles has not been included in this collection.

The selections used have been drawn from many sources and cover a wide range of time. Modern writers are represented as well as the older standard English and American authors; but no attempt has been made to form an exhaustive compilation. The plan and scope of the volume have necessarily limited the selection to certain classes of material. Copyright restrictions have prevented the inclusion of some recent poems; some selections have been regretfully omitted on account of their length; others are represented by extracts only.

Though not a school reader, it is hoped that the book will be suggestive and helpful to teachers, as well as to social workers and librarians, in meeting the need for patriotic and idealistic literature.

I wish to thank Miss Grace Kerr of Washington,

D. C., for assistance in obtaining authoritative texts for some of the poems and I wish also to express my cordial appreciation of the courtesy of the authors and publishers who have so generously permitted me to include selections from their works in this volume.

ELVA S. SMITH.

PITTSBURGH,

April, 1919.

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Miss Katharine Lee Bates: "America the Beautiful."

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The Youth's Companion Company: "Washington," by Hezekiah Butterworth.

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PATRIOTISM

Centre of equal daughters, equal sons,
All, all alike endear'd, grown, ungrown, young or old,
Strong, ample, fair, enduring, capable, rich,
Perennial with the Earth, with Freedom, Law and Love,
A grand, sane, towering, seated Mother,
Chair'd in the adamant of Time.

"America" by WALT WHITMAN

How shall we train our Prince?

— To love his land,

Love Justice and love Honor. For them both
He girds himself to serve her, nothing loath,
Although in arms against a world he stand.
Ruling himself the world he can command,
Taught to serve her in honor and in truth,
Baby and boy, and in his lusty youth
He finds archangels' strength on either hand.

E. E. HALE.

PATRIOTISM

LOVE OF COUNTRY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

COLUMBUS

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Give me white paper!
This which you use is black and rough with smears
Of sweat and grime and fraud and blood and tears,
Crossed with the story of men's sins and fears,
Of battle and of famine all these years,
When all God's children had forgot their birth,
And drudged and fought and died like beasts of earth.

"Give me white paper!"
One storm-trained seaman listened to the word;
What no man saw he saw; he heard what no man heard.
In answer he compelled the sea
To eager man to tell
The secret she had kept so well!
Left blood and guilt and tyranny behind —
Sailing still west the hidden shore to find;
For all mankind that unstained scroll unfurled,
Where God might write anew the story of the World.

"OH MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE"

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Oh mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,

Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step — the wild-deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail — those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley-shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen; —

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

PEACE AND PATRIOTISM

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of the skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

AMERICA

Extract from The National Ode

BAYARD TAYLOR

FORESEEN in the vision of sages,
Foretold when martyrs bled,
She was born of the longing of ages,
By the truth of the noble dead
And the faith of the living fed!

No blood in her lightest veins
Frets at remembered chains,
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
In her form and features still
The unblenching Puritan will,
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
The Quaker truth and sweetness,
And the strength of the danger-girdled race
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.
From the homes of all, where her being began,
She took what she gave to Man;
Justice, that knew no station,
Belief, as soul decreed,
Free air for aspiration,
Free force for independent deed!
She takes, but to give again,
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
Her France pursues some dream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
Her Italy waits by the western brine;
And, broad-based under all,
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
As rich in fortitude
As e'er went worldward from the island-wall!
Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite:
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen

Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan;
'Twas glory, once, to be a Roman:
She makes it glory, now, to be a man!

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

WALT WHITMAN

I HEAR America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should
be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or
beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or
leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat,
the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hat-
ter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in
the morning, or at noon intermission or at sun-
down,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young
wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her, and to none
else,
The day what belongs to the day — at night the party
of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

OUR COUNTRY

JULIA WARD HOWE

ON primal rocks she wrote her name,
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the broidered Land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of Kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee.

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown jewel, Truth, be found;
Thy right hand fling, with generous wont,
Love's happy chain to furthest bound.

Let Justice with the faultless scales
Hold fast the worship of thy sons,

Thy Commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs.

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-spiced angels hail thy cause.

O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world, in grief and wrong!
Be thine the blessing of the years,
The gift of faith, the crown of song!

ODE: JULY 4, 1857

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

O TENDERLY the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire;
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,
Our pulses beat not less,
The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
Which children's voices bless.

For He that flung the broad blue fold
O'er-mantling land and sea,
One-third part of the sky unrolled
For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
To build an equal state, —
To take the statute from the mind
And make of duty fate.

United States! the ages plead, —
Present and Past in under-song, —
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one hand fights
By the other cloven down.

Be just at home; then write your scroll
Of honor o'er the sea,
And bid the broad Atlantic roll,
A ferry of the free.

And henceforth there shall be no chain,
Save underneath the sea
The wires shall murmur through the main
Sweet songs of liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

MY COUNTRY

Extract from Commemoration Ode

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!
Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

THE EAGLE'S SONG

RICHARD MANSFIELD

THE lioness whelped, and the sturdy cub
Was seized by an eagle and carried up,
And homed for a while in an eagle's nest,
And slept for a while on an eagle's breast;
And the eagle taught it the eagle's song:
"To be stanch, and valiant, and free, and strong!"

The lion whelp sprang from the eyrie nest,
From the lofty crag where the queen birds rest;
He fought the King on the spreading plain,
And drove him back o'er the foaming main.
He held the land as a thrifty chief,
And reared his cattle, and reaped his sheaf,
Nor sought the help of a foreign hand,
Yet welcomed all to his own free land!

Two were the sons that the country bore
To the Northern lakes and the Southern shore;
And Chivalry dwelt with the Southern son,
And Industry lived with the Northern one.
Tears for the time when they broke and fought!
Tears was the price of the union wrought!
And the land was red in a sea of blood,
Where brother for brother had swelled the flood!

And now that the two are one again,
Behold on their shield the word "Refrain!"
And the lion cubs twain sing the eagle's song:

" To be stanch, and valiant, and free, and strong! "
For the eagle's beak, and the lion's paw,
And the lion's fangs, and the eagle's claw,
And the eagle's swoop, and the lion's might,
And the lion's leap, and the eagle's sight,
Shall guard the flag with the word " Refrain! "
Now that the two are one again!

A NEW NATIONAL HYMN

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD

HAIL, Freedom! thy bright crest
And gleaming shield, thrice blest,
Mirror the glories of a world thine own.
Hail, heaven-born Peace! our sight,
Led by thy gentle light,
Shows us the paths with deathless flowers strewn.
Peace, daughter of a strife sublime,
Abide with us till strife be lost in endless time.

Her one hand seals with gold
The portals of night's fold,
Her other the broad gates of dawn unbars;
O'er silent wastes of snows,
Crowning her lofty brows,
Gleams high her diadem of northern stars;
While, clothed in garlands of warm flowers,
Round Freedom's feet the South her wealth of beauty
showers.

Sweet is the toil of peace,
Sweet is the year's increase,
 To loyal men who live by Freedom's laws;
And in war's fierce alarms
God gives stout hearts and arms
 To freemen sworn to save a rightful cause.
Fear none, trust God, maintain the right,
And triumph in unbroken Union's might.

Welded in war's fierce flame,
Forged on the hearth of fame,
 The sacred Constitution was ordained;
Tried in the fire of time,
Tempered in woes sublime,
 An age was passed and left it yet unstained.
God grant its glories still may shine,
While ages fade, forgotten, in time's slow decline!

Honor the few who shared
Freedom's first fight, and dared
 To face war's desperate tide at the full flood;
Who fell on hard-won ground,
And into Freedom's wound
 Poured the sweet balsam of their brave hearts' blood.
They fell; but o'er that glorious grave
Floats free the banner of the cause they died to save.

In radiance heavenly fair,
Floats on the peaceful air
 That flag that never stooped from Victory's pride;
Those stars that softly gleam,

Those stripes that o'er us stream,
In war's grand agony were sanctified;
A holy standard, pure and free,
To light the home of peace, or blaze in victory.

Father, whose mighty power
Shields us through life's short hour,
To Thee we pray: Bless us and keep us free;
All that is past forgive;
Teach us, henceforth, to live
That, through our country, we may honor Thee;
And, when this mortal life shall cease,
Take Thou, at last, our souls to Thine eternal peace.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

KATHARINE LEE BATES

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!

America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

THE REPUBLIC

Extract from The Building of the Ship

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

ONE COUNTRY ¹

FRANK L. STANTON

AFTER all,
One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality;
Her freedom, fame,
Her glory or her shame —
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!

¹ From "Comes One With a Song," copyright, 1899. Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

After all —

Hark! from the heights the clear, strong, clarion call
And the command imperious: "Stand forth,
Sons of the South and brothers of the North!

Stand forth and be

As one on soil and sea —

Your country's honor more than empire's worth!"

After all,

'Tis Freedom wears the loveliest coronal;

Her brow is to the morning; in the sod

She breathes the breath of patriots; every clod

Answers her call

And rises like a wall

Against the foes of liberty and God!

AMERICA

Extract from The Torch-Bearers

ARLO BATES

FOR, O America, our country! — land

Hid in the west through centuries, till men

Through countless tyrannies could understand

The priceless worth of freedom, — once again

The world was new-created when thy shore

First knew the Pilgrim keels, that one last test

The race might make of manhood, nor give o'er

The strife with evil till it proved its best.

Thy true sons stand as torch-bearers, to hold

A guiding light. Here the last stand is made.

If we fail here, what new Columbus bold,
Steering brave prow through black seas unafraid,
Finds out a fresh land where man may abide
And freedom yet be saved? The whole round earth
Has seen the battle fought. Where shall men hide
From tyranny and wrong, where life have worth,
If here the cause succumb? If greed of gold
Or lust of power or falsehood triumph here,
The race is lost! A globe dispeopled, cold,
Rolled down the void a voiceless, lifeless sphere,
Were not so stamped by all which hope debars
As were this earth, plunging along through space
Conquered by evil, shamed among the stars,
Bearing a base, enslaved, dishonored race!
Here has the battle its last vantage ground;
Here all is won, or here must all be lost;
Here freedom's trumpets one last rally sound;
Here to the breeze its blood-stained flag is tossed.
America, last hope of man and truth,
Thy name must through all coming ages be
The badge unspeakable of shame and ruth,
Or glorious pledge that man through truth is free.
This is thy destiny; the choice is thine
To lead all nations and outshine them all; —
But if thou failest, deeper shame is thine,
And none shall spare to mock thee in thy fall.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

WARDER at ocean's gate,
Thy feet on sea and shore,
Like one the skies await
When time shall be no more!
What splendors crown thy brow?
What bright dread angel Thou,
Dazzling the waves before
Thy station great?

"My name is Liberty!
From out a mighty land
I face the ancient sea,
I lift to God my hand;
By day in Heaven's light,
A pillar of fire by night,
At ocean's gate I stand
Nor bend the knee.

"The dark Earth lay in sleep,
Her children crouched forlorn,
Ere on the western steep
I sprang to height, reborn:
Then what a joyous shout
The quickened lands gave out,
And all the choir of morn
Sang anthems deep.

" Beneath yon firmament,
The New World to the Old
My sword and summons sent,
My azure flag unrolled:
The Old World's hands renew
Their strength; the form ye view
Came from a living mould
In glory blent.

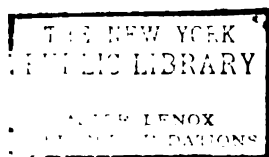
" O ye, whose broken spars
Tell of the storms ye met,
Enter! fear not the bars
Across your pathway set;
Enter at Freedom's porch,
For you I lift my torch,
For you my coronet
Is rayed with stars.

" But ye that hither draw
To desecrate my fee,
Nor yet have held in awe
The justice that makes free, —
Avaunt, ye darkling brood!
By Right my house hath stood:
My name is Liberty,
My throne is Law."

O wonderful and bright,
Immortal Freedom, hail!
Front, in thy fiery might,
The midnight and the gale;



LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



Undaunted on this base
Guard well thy dwelling-place:
Till the last sun grow pale
Let there be light!

UNMANIFEST DESTINY

RICHARD HOVEY

To what new fates, my country, far
And unforeseen of foe or friend,
Beneath what unexpected star,
Compelled to what unchosen end,

Across the sea that knows no beach
The Admiral of Nations guides
Thy blind obedient keels to reach
The harbor where thy future rides!

The guns that spoke at Lexington
Knew not that God was planning then
The trumpet word of Jefferson
To bugle forth the rights of men.

To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,
What was it but despair and shame?
Who saw behind the cloud the sun?
Who knew that God was in the flame?

Had not defeat upon defeat,
Disaster on disaster come,

The slave's emancipated feet
Had never marched behind the drum.

There is a Hand that bends our deeds
To mightier issues than we planned,
Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,
My country, serves Its dark command.

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.

THE SHIP OF DEMOCRACY

Extract from Thou Mother With Thy Equal Brood

WALT WHITMAN

SAIL, sail thy best, ship of Democracy,
Of value is thy freight, 'tis not the Present only,
The Past is also stored in thee,
Thou holdest not the venture of thyself alone, not of
the Western continent alone,
Earth's *résumé* entire floats on thy keel, O ship, is
steadied by thy spars,
With thee Time voyages in trust, the antecedent na-
tions sink or swim with thee,
With all their ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics,
wars, thou bear'st the other continents,
Theirs, theirs as much as thine, the destination-port
triumphant;

Steer then with good strong hand and wary eye O
helmsman, thou carriest great companions,
Venerable priestly Asia sails this day with thee,
And royal feudal Europe sails with thee.

LAND THAT WE LOVE

Extract from The Great Remembrance

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

LAND that we love! Thou Future of the World!
Thou refuge of the noble heart oppressed!
Oh never be thy shining image hurled
From its high place in the adoring breast
Of him who worships thee with jealous love!
Keep thou thy starry forehead as the dove
All white, and to the eternal Dawn inclined!
Thou art not for thyself but for mankind,
And to despair of thee were to despair
Of man, of man's high destiny, of God!
Of thee should man despair, the journey trod
Upward, through unknown eons, stair on stair,
By this our race, with bleeding feet and slow,
Were but the pathway to a darker woe
Than yet was visioned by the heavy heart
Of prophet. To despair of thee! Ah no!
For thou thyself art Hope, Hope of the World thou art!

AD PATRIAM

CLINTON SCOLLARD

To deities of gauds and gold,
Land of our Fathers, do not bow!
But unto those beloved of old
Bend thou the brow!

Austere they were of front and form;
Rigid as iron in their aim;
Yet in them pulsed a blood as warm
And pure as flame; —

Honor, whose foster-child is Truth;
Unselfishness in place and plan;
Justice, with melting heart of ruth;
And Faith in man.

Give these thy worship; then no fears
Of future foes need fright thy soul;
Triumphant thou shalt mount the years
Toward thy high goal!

AMERICA

Extract from The Centennial Cantata

SIDNEY LANIER

Now Praise to God's oft-granted grace,
Now Praise to Man's undaunted face,
Despite the land, despite the sea,

I was: I am: and I shall be —
How long, Good Angel, O how long?
Sing me from Heaven a man's own song!

“ Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow! ”

COLUMBIA

Finale of The Columbian Ode

HARRIET MONROE

COLUMBIA, my country, dost thou hear?

Ah! dost thou hear the songs unheard of Time?
Hark! for their passion trembles at thine ear.

Hush! for thy soul must heed their call sublime.
Across wide seas, unswept by earthly sails,

Those strange sounds draw thee on, for thou shalt be
Leader of nations through the autumnal gales

That wait to mock the strong and wreck the free.

Dearer, more radiant than of yore,

Against the dark I see thee rise;

Thy young smile spurns the guarded shore

And braves the shadowed, ominous skies.

And still that conquering smile who see
Pledge love, life, service all to thee.
The years have brought thee robes most fair —
 The rich processional years,
And filleted thy shining hair,
And zoned thy waist with jewels rare,
 And whispered in thine ears
Strange secrets of God's wondrous ways,
Long hid from human awe and praise.

For lo! the living God doth bare his arm.
 No more he makes his house of clouds and
 gloom.
 Lightly the shuttles move within his loom;
Unveiled his thunder leaps to meet the storm.
From God's right hand man takes the powers that sway
 A universe of stars.
He bows them down; he bids them go or stay;
 He tames them for his wars.
He scans the burning paces of the sun,
And names the invisible orbs whose courses run
 Through the dim deeps of space.
He sees in dew upon a rose impearled
The swarming legions of a monad world
 Begin life's upward race.
 Voices of hope he hears
Long dumb to his despair,
 And dreams of golden years
Meet for a world so fair.
For now Democracy doth wake and rise
 From the sweet sloth of youth.

By storms made strong, by many dreams made wise,
He clasps the hand of Truth.
Through the armed nations lies his path of peace,
The open book of knowledge in his hand.
Food to the starving, to the oppressed release,
And love to all he bears from land to land.
Before his march the barriers fall,
The laws grow gentle at his call.
His glowing breath blows far away
The fogs that veil the coming day —

That wondrous day

When earth shall sing as through the blue she rolls
Laden with joy for all her thronging souls.

Then shall Want's call to Sin resound no more

Across her teeming fields. And Pain shall sleep,
Soothed by brave Science with her magic lore;

And War no more shall bid the nations weep.

Then the worn chains shall slip from man's desire,

And ever higher and higher

His swift foot shall aspire;

Still deeper and more deep

His soul its watch shall keep,

Till Love shall make the world a holy place,

Where Knowledge dares unveil God's very face.

Not yet the angels hear life's last sweet song.

Music unutterably pure and strong

From earth shall rise to haunt the peopled skies

When the long march of Time,

Patient in birth and death, in growth and blight,

Shall lead man up through happy realms of light

Unto his goal sublime.

*Columbia! Men beheld thee rise
A goddess from the misty sea.
Lady of joy, sent from the skies,
The nations worshiped thee.
Thy brows were flushed with dawn's first light;
By foamy waves with stars bedight
Thy blue robe floated free.*

*Now let the sun ride high o'erhead,
Driving the day from shore to shore.
His burning tread we do not dread,
For thou art evermore
Lady of love, whose smiles shall bless,
Whom brave deeds win to tenderness,
Whose tears the lost restore.*

*Lady of hope thou art. We wait
With courage thy serene command.
Through unknown seas, toward undreamed fate,
We ask thy guiding hand.
On! though sails quiver in the gale! —
Thou at the helm, we can not fail.
On to God's time-veiled strand!*

*Lady of beauty! thou shalt win
Glory and power and length of days.
The sun and moon shall be thy kin,
The stars shall sing thy praise.
All hail! we bring thee vows most sweet
To strew before thy wingèd feet.
Now onward be thy ways!*

THE AMERICAN FLAG

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
And fixed as yonder orb divine,
That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
The guard and glory of the world.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

THE FLAG OF THE CONSTELLATION

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

THE stars of the morn
On our banner borne,
With the Iris of Heaven are blended;
The hand of our sires,
First mingled those fires,
And by us they shall be defended.
Then hail the true
Red, White and Blue,
The flag of the Constellation;
It sails as it sailed,
By our forefathers hailed,
O'er battles that made us a nation.

What hand so bold
As strike from its fold

PEACE AND PATRIOTISM

One star or one stripe of its bright'ning,
For him be those stars
Each a fiery Mars,
And each stripe be as terrible lightning.
Then hail the true
Red, White and Blue,
The flag of the Constellation;
It sails as it sailed,
By our forefathers hailed,
O'er battles that made us a nation.

Its meteor form
Shall ride the storm
Till the fiercest of foes surrender;
The storm gone by,
It shall gild the sky,
A rainbow of peace and of splendor.
Then hail the true
Red, White and Blue,
The flag of the Constellation;
It sails as it sailed,
By our forefathers hailed,
O'er battles that made us a nation.

Peace, peace to the world,
Is our motto unfurled,
Though we shun not the field that is gory;
At home or abroad,
Fearing none but our God,
We will carve our own pathway to glory.

Then hail the true
Red, White and Blue,
The flag of the Constellation;
It sails as it sailed,
By our forefathers hailed,
O'er battles that made us a nation.

THE NATIONAL FLAG

Extract from Are We a Nation?

CHARLES SUMNER

THERE is the national flag! He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a State merely? Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air, but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of States constituting our national constellation, which receives a new

star with every new State. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together, bunting, stripes, stars and colors blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country — to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land:
Oh, tell us what its name may be,—
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light, —
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew. —
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

THE NATIONAL FLAG

Extract from address in Plymouth Church, May, 1861

HENRY WARD BEECHER

FROM the earliest periods nations seem to have gone forth to war under some banner. Sometimes it has been merely the pennon of a leader, and was only a rallying signal. So, doubtless, began the habit of carrying banners, to direct men in the confusion of conflict, that the leader might gather his followers around him when he himself was liable to be lost out of their sight.

Later in the history of nations the banner acquired other uses and peculiar significance from the parties, the orders, the houses, or governments, that adopted it. At length, as consolidated governments drank up into themselves all these lesser independent authorities, banners became significant chiefly of national authority. And thus in our day every people has its peculiar flag. There is no civilized nation without its banner.

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag, but the nation itself. And whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, that belong to the nation that sets it forth. When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-colored Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long buried, but never dead, principles of Hun-

garian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the idea of that great monarchy.

This nation has a banner, too, and . . . wherever it [has] streamed abroad men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes. For . . . the American flag has been a symbol of Liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope to the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together, and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no ramping lion, and no fierce eagle; no embattled castles, or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of dawn. It means Liberty; and the galley-slave, the poor, oppressed conscript, the trodden-down creature of foreign despotism, sees in the American flag that very promise and prediction of God, — "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."

Is this a mere fancy? On the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of American Independence was confirmed and promulgated. Already for more than a year the colonies had been at war with the mother country. But until this time there had been no American flag. The flag of the mother country covered us during all our colonial period; and each state that chose had a separate and significant state banner.

In 1777, within a few days of one year after the Declaration of Independence, and two years and more after the war began, upon the 14th of June, the Congress of the colonies, or the confederated states, assembled, and ordained this glorious national flag which now we hold and defend, and advanced it full high before God and all men as the flag of Liberty. It was no holiday flag, gorgeously emblazoned for gaiety or vanity. It was a solemn national signal. When that banner first unrolled to the sun, it was the symbol of all those holy truths and purposes which brought together the colonial American Congress.

Consider the men who devised and set forth this banner. The Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Jays, the Franklins, the Hamiltons, the Jeffersons, the Adamses, — these men were all either officially connected with it or consulted concerning it. They were men that had taken their lives in their hands, and consecrated all their worldly possessions — for what? For the doctrines, and for the personal fact, of liberty, — for the right of *all* men to liberty. They had just given forth to the world a Declaration of Facts and Faiths out of which sprung the Constitution, and on which they now planted this new-devised flag of our Union.

If one, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him, It means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant; it means the whole glorious Revolutionary War, which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny, to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known, — the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

In solemn conclave our fathers had issued to the world that glorious manifesto, the Declaration of Independence. A little later, that the fundamental principles of liberty might have the best organization, they gave to this land our imperishable Constitution. Our flag means, then, all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War; all that the Declaration of Independence meant; it means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant. Our flag carries American ideas, American history and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man*. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty; not lawlessness, not license; but organized, institutional liberty, — liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

This American flag was the safeguard of liberty. Not an atom of crown was allowed to go into its insignia. Not a symbol of authority in the ruler was permitted to go into it. It was an ordinance of liberty by the people

for the people. *That* it meant, *that* it means, and, by the blessing of God, *that* it shall mean to the end of time!

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

HATS off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor, — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

Address delivered on Flag Day, 1914, before the employees of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

FRANKLIN K. LANE

THIS morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle."

of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of to-morrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my

stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY¹

FRANK L. STANTON

SHE's up there — Old Glory — she's waving o'erhead;
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red,
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead —
She's the flag of our country forever!

She's up there — Old Glory — no tyrant-dealt scars,
No blur on her brightness — no stain on her stars;
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars —
She's the flag of our country forever!

THE MEANING OF THE FLAG

WOODROW WILSON

FRIENDS and fellow citizens: I know of nothing more difficult than to render an adequate tribute to the emblem of our nation. For those of us who have shared that nation's life and felt the beat of its pulse it must be considered a matter of impossibility to express the great things which that emblem embodies. I venture

¹ From "Comes One With a Song," copyright, 1899. Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

to say that a great many things are said about the flag which very few people stop to analyze. For me the flag does not express a mere body of vague sentiment. The flag of the United States has not been created by rhetorical sentences in declarations of independence and in bills of rights. It has been created by the experience of a great people, and nothing is written upon it that has not been written by their life. It is the embodiment, not of a sentiment, but of a history, and no man can rightly serve under that flag who has not caught some of the meaning of that history.

Experience, ladies and gentlemen, is made by men and women. National experience is the product of those who do the living under that flag. It is their living that has created its significance. You do not create the meaning of a national life by any literary exposition of it, but by the actual daily endeavors of a great people to do the tasks of the day and live up to the ideals of honesty and righteousness and just conduct. And as we think of these things, our tribute is to those men who have created this experience. Many of them are known by name to all the world — statesmen, soldiers, merchants, masters of industry, men of letters and of thought who have coined our hearts into action or into words. Of these men we feel that they have shown us the way. They have not been afraid to go before. They have known that they were speaking the thoughts of a great people when they led that great people along the paths of achievement. There was not a single swashbuckler among them. They were men of sober, quiet thought, the more effective because

there was no bluster in it. They were men who thought along the lines of duty, not along the lines of self-aggrandizement. They were men, in short, who thought of the people whom they served and not of themselves.

But while we think of these men and do honor to them as to those who have shown us the way, let us not forget that the real experience and life of a nation lies with the great multitude of unknown men. It lies with those men whose names are never in the headlines of newspapers, those men who know the heat and pain and desperate loss of hope that sometimes comes in the great struggle of daily life; not the men who stand on the side and comment, not the men who merely try to interpret the great struggle, but the men who are engaged in the struggle. They constitute the body of the nation. This flag is the essence of their daily endeavors. This flag does not express any more than what they are and what they desire to be.

As I think of the life of this great nation it seems to me that we sometimes look to the wrong places for its sources. We look to the noisy places, where men are talking in the market place; we look to where men are expressing their individual opinions; we look to where partisans are expressing passions; instead of trying to attune our ears to that voiceless mass of men who merely go about their daily tasks, try to be honorable, try to serve the people they love, try to live worthy of the great communities to which they belong. These are the breath of the nation's nostrils; these are the sinews of its might.

How can any man presume to interpret the emblem of the United States, the emblem of what we would fain be among the family of nations, and find it incumbent upon us to be in the daily round of routine duty? This is Flag Day, but that only means that it is a day when we are to recall the things which we should do every day of our lives. There are no days of special patriotism. There are no days when we should be more patriotic than on other days. We celebrate the Fourth of July merely because the great enterprise of liberty was started on the Fourth of July in America, but the great enterprise of liberty was not begun in America. It is illustrated by the blood of thousands of martyrs who lived and died before the great experiment on this side of the water. The Fourth of July merely marks the day when we consecrated ourselves as a nation to this high thing which we pretend to serve. The benefit of a day like this is merely in turning away from the things that distract us, turning away from the things that touch us personally and absorb our interest in the hours of daily work. We remind ourselves of those things that are greater than we are, of those principles by which we believe our hearts to be elevated, of the more difficult things that we must undertake in these days of perplexity when a man's judgment is safest only when it follows the line of principle.

I am solemnized in the presence of such a day. I would not undertake to speak your thoughts. You must interpret them for me. But I do feel that back, not only of every public official, but of every man and woman of the United States, there marches that great

host which has brought us to the present day; the host that has never forgotten the vision which it saw at the birth of the nation; the host which always responds to the dictates of humanity and of liberty; the host that will always constitute the strength and the great body of friends of every man who does his duty to the United States.

I am sorry that you do not wear a little flag of the Union every day instead of some days. I can only ask you, if you lose the physical emblem, to be sure that you wear it in your heart, and the heart of America shall interpret the heart of the world.

UNION AND LIBERTY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
Union and Liberty! One Evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,

Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must
draw,
Then with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh keep us the Many in One!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
Union and Liberty! One Evermore!

E PLURIBUS UNUM

GEORGE WASHINGTON CUTTER

THOUGH many and bright are the stars that appear
In that flag, by our country unfurled —
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there
Like a rainbow adorning the world —
Their light is unsullied as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done;
And they're leagued in as true and as holy a tie
In their motto of "Many in One."

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung
That banner of star-light abroad,
Ever true to themselves to that banner they clung,
As they clung to the promise of God;
By the bayonet traced at the midnight of war,
On the fields where our glory was won —
Oh! perish the heart or the hand that would mar
Our motto of "Many in One."

Mid the smoke of the contest, the cannon's deep roar,
How oft it has gathered renown,
While those stars were reflected in rivers of gore,
Where the cross and the lion went down;
And though few were their lights in the gloom of that
hour,
Yet the hearts that were striking below
Had God for their bulwark, and truth for their power,
And they stopped not to number their foe.

From where our green mountain tops blend with the
sky

And the giant Saint Lawrence is rolled,
To the waves where the balmy Hesperides lie,
Like the dream of some prophet of old.
They conquered — and dying, bequeathed to our care
Not this boundless dominion alone,
But that banner whose loveliness hallows the air,
And their motto of "Many in One."

We are many in one while there glitters a star
In the blue of the heavens above;
And tyrants shall quail, mid their dungeons afar,
When they gaze on that motto of love.
It shall gleam o'er the sea mid the bolts of the storm —
Over tempest, and battle, and wreck;
And flame where our guns with their thunder grow
warm,
'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

The oppressed of the earth to that standard shall fly
Wherever its folds shall be spread;
And the exile shall feel 'tis his own native sky,
Where its stars shall float over his head:
And those stars shall increase till the fulness of time
Its millions of cycles has run;
Till the world shall have welcomed its mission sublime,
And the nations of earth shall be one.

Though the old Alleghany may tower to heaven
And the Father of Waters divide,

The links of our destiny cannot be riven
While the truth of those words shall abide.
Then oh, let them glow on each helmet and brand
Though our blood like our rivers shall run;
Divide as we may in our own native land,
To the rest of the world we are one.

Then up with the flag! Let it stream in the air
Though our fathers are cold in their graves;
They had hands that could strike, they had souls that
could dare,
And their sons were not born to be slaves.
Up, up with that banner! Where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around;
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

*Extract from Patriotism and Holiday Observance,
address before the Union League Club, Chicago,
February 22, 1907*

GROVER CLEVELAND

OUR country is infinitely more than a domain affording to those who dwell upon it immense material advantages and opportunities. In such a country we live. But I love to think of a glorious nation built upon the will of free men, set apart for the propagation and cultivation of humanity's best ideal of a free govern-

ment, and made ready for the growth and fruitage of the highest aspirations of patriotism. This is the country that lives in us. I indulge in no mere figure of speech when I say that our nation, the immortal spirit of our domain, lives in us—in our hearts and minds and consciences. There it must find its nutriment or die. This thought more than any other presents to our minds the impressiveness and responsibility of American citizenship. The land we live in seems to be strong and active. But how fares the land that lives in us? Are we sure that we are doing all we ought to keep it in vigor and health? Are we keeping its roots well surrounded by the fertile soil of loving allegiance, and are we furnishing them the invigorating moisture of unselfish fidelity? Are we as diligent as we ought to be to protect this precious growth against the poison that must arise from the decay of harmony and honesty and industry and frugality; and are we sufficiently watchful against the deadly, burrowing pests of consuming greed and cankerous cupidity? Our answers to these questions make up the account of our stewardship as keepers of a sacred trust.

AMERICA

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,

Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty!
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the per-
ilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming!
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-
lution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued
land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto — "*In God is our trust*" :
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace
shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my
feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and
me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,
While God is marching on.

HAIL, COLUMBIA

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

HAIL, Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And, when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
 Let independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore!
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize.
 While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
 In Heav'n we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.

Firm, united, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
 With equal skill, and godlike power,
 He governed in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
 The happier times of honest peace.
 Firm, united, etc.

Behold the chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands —
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
 The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and you.
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 And glooms obscur'd Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolv'd on death or Liberty.
 Firm, united, etc.

ADDITIONAL VERSES

*Written by Oliver Wendell Holmes at the request of
the Committee for the Constitutional Centennial
Celebration at Philadelphia, 1887*

Look our ransomed shores around,
Peace and safety we have found!

Welcome, friends who once were foes!
Welcome, friends who once were foes,
To all the conquering years have gained, —
A nation's rights, a race unchained!

Children of the day new-born,
Mindful of its glorious morn,
Let the pledge our fathers signed
Heart to heart forever bind!

While the stars of heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the Many still are One!

Graven deep with edge of steel,
Crowned with Victory's crimson seal,
All the world their names shall read!
All the world their names shall read,
Enrolled with his, the Chief that led
The hosts whose blood for us was shed.
Pay our sires their children's debt,
Love and honor, nor forget
Only Union's golden key
Guards the Ark of Liberty!

While the stars, etc.

Hail, Columbia! strong and free,
Throned in hearts from sea to sea!
Thy march triumphant still pursue!
Thy march triumphant still pursue
With peaceful stride from zone to zone,
Till Freedom finds the world her own!

Blest in Union's holy ties,
Let our grateful song arise,
Every voice its tribute lend,
All in loving chorus blend!

While the stars in heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever shall the circling sun
Find the Many still are One!

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

THOMAS A BECKET

OH, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble
When Liberty's form stands in view.
Thy banners make tyranny tremble
When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war wing'd its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation
Columbia rode safe through the storm;

With the garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.
The boast of the red, white and blue!
The boast of the red, white and blue!
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue!

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true;
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

NATIONAL HYMN

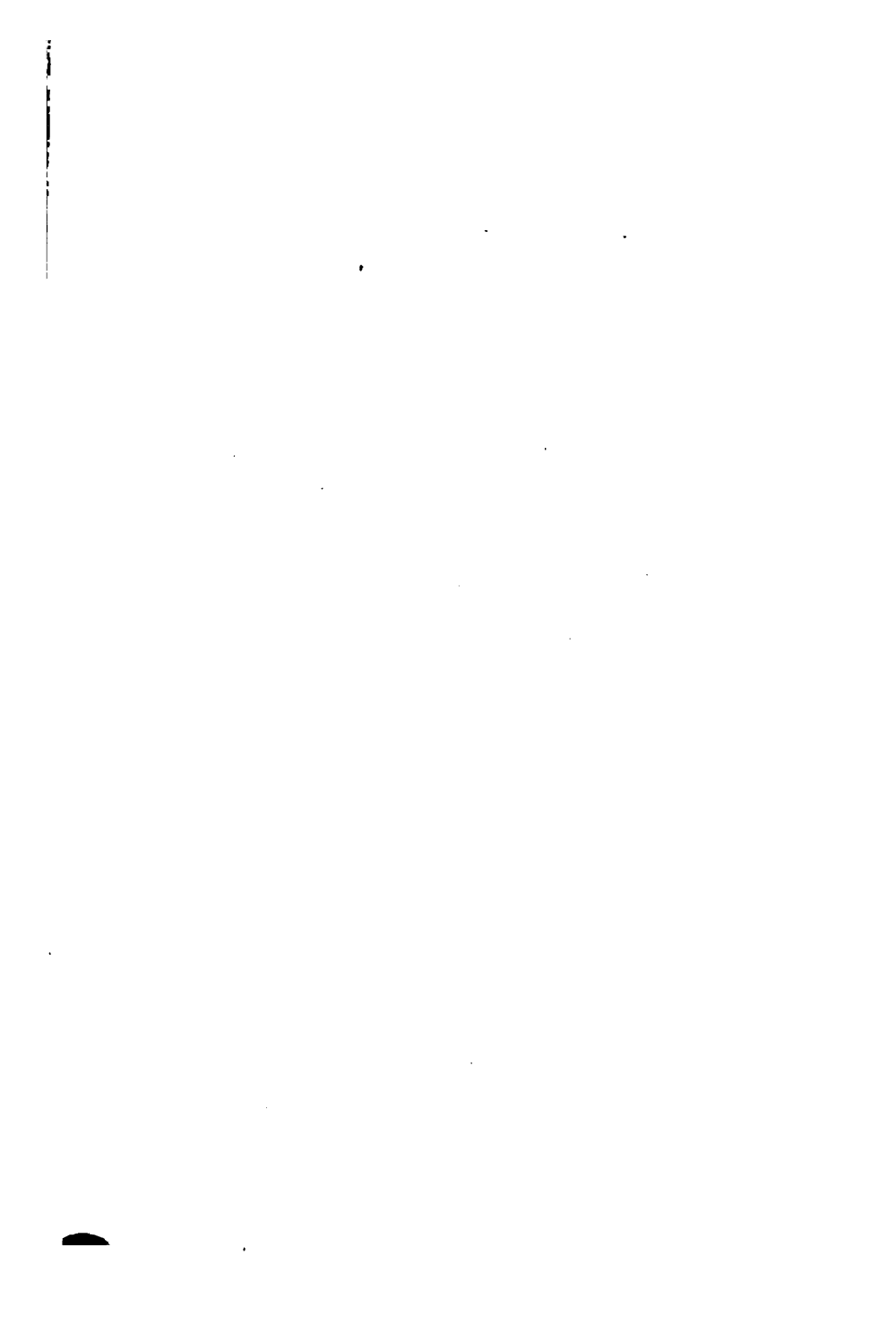
DANIEL C. ROBERTS

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever-sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.



PEACE AND INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL

To love one's country above all others is not to despise all others.

**The Brotherhood of Man, the Federation of Nations, the Peace of the
World.**

**Between nation and nation, as between man and man, lives the one law
of right.**

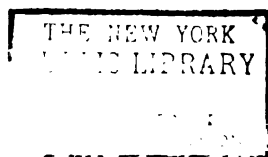
Inscriptions for the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo

R. W. GILDER



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PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.
From Mural Painting by Edwin H. Abbey.



PEACE AND INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL

VISION OF THE FUTURE

Extract from Locksley Hall

ALFRED TENNYSON

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic
sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd
a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the
thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-
flags were furl'd;
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful
 realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal
 law.

VIOLENT DEEDS

Extract from the Odyssey

HOMER

THE great gods are never pleased
With violent deeds; they honor equity
And justice. Even those who land as foes
And spoilers upon foreign shores, and bear
Away much plunder by the will of Jove,
Returning homeward with their laden barks,
Feel, brooding heavily upon their minds,
The fear of vengeance.

PROPHECY OF PEACE

Extract from The Messiah

ALEXANDER POPE

From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies;
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!

The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from Heav'n descend.

.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.

TRUE GLORY

Extract from Paradise Regained

JOHN MILTON

THEY err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault. What do these worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighboring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more

Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worshiped with temple, priest and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But, if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war or violence —
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance.

PEACE

Extract from Britannia

JAMES THOMSON

O FIRST of human blessings, and supreme,
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combined
And unsuspecting faith; while honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
Pure is thy reign; when, unaccursed by blood,
Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,

Trickling distils into the vernant glebe;
Instead of mangled carcasses, sad-seen,
When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field;
When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land blushes with the rose alone,
The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.

O Peace! thou source and soul of social life,
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports,
Bless'd be the man divine who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-piled armory returns;
And every vigor, from the work of death,
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile.
Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chants; and, the treasures of his labor sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the sailor soothes,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave,
And the full city, warm, from street to street,
And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.

Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends
Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace;
Till all the happy nations catch the song.

What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for thee?

What painful patience? What incessant care?
What mix'd anxiety? What sleepless toil?
E'en from the rash protected, what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendship he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, sometimes the more
Inevitable war, — when ruffian force
Awakes the fury of an injured state.
Then the good easy man whom reason rules,
Who, while unhurt, knew nor offence nor harm,
Roused by bold insult, and injurious rage,
With sharp and sudden check the astonish'd sons
Of violence confounds; firm as his cause
His bolder heart; in awful justice clad;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire:
And, as he charges through the prostrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithless men no more
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

ODE TO PEACE

WILLIAM TENNANT

DAUGHTER of God! that sitt'st on high
Amid the dances of the sky,
And guidest with thy gentle sway
The planets on their tuneful way!
Sweet Peace! shall ne'er again
The smile of thy most holy face,

From thine ethereal dwelling-place,
Rejoice the wretched, weary race
Of discord-breathing men?
Too long, O gladness-giving Queen!
Thy tarrying in heaven has been;
Too long o'er this fair blooming world
The flag of blood has been unfurled,
Polluting God's pure day;
Whilst, as each maddening people reels,
War onward drives his scythèd wheels,
And at his horses' bloody heels,
Shriek Murder and Dismay.

Oft have I wept to hear the cry
Of widow wailing bitterly;
To see the parent's silent tear
For children fallen beneath the spear;
And I have felt so sore
The sense of human guilt and woe,
That I, in Virtue's passionèd glow,
Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)
The shape of man I bore!
Then come from thy serene abode,
Thou gladness-giving child of God!
And cease the world's ensanguined strife,
And reconcile my soul to life;
For much I long to see,
Ere I shall to the grave descend,
Thy hand its blessèd branch extend,
And to the world's remotest end
Wave Love and Harmony!

ANGEL OF PEACE

Extract from The Peace of Europe

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

WHITE Angel of the Lord! unmeet
That soil accursed for thy pure feet.
Never in Slavery's desert flows
The fountain of thy charmed repose;
No tyrant's hand thy chaplet weaves
Of lilies and of olive-leaves;
Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,
Thus saith the Eternal Oracle;
Thy home is with the pure and free!
Stern herald of thy better day,
Before thee, to prepare thy way,
The Baptist Shade of Liberty,
Gray, scarred and hairy-robed, must press
With bleeding feet the wilderness!
Oh that its voice might pierce the ear
Of princes, trembling while they hear
A cry as of the Hebrew seer:
Repent! God's kingdom draweth near!

PEACE AND WAR

Extract from Queen Mab

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude

That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend
So stainless that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace; — all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone —
So cold, so bright, so still.

The orb of day
In southern climes o'er ocean's waveless field
Sinks sweetly smiling; not the faintest breath
Steals o'er the unruffled deep; the clouds of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day;
And Vesper's image on the western main
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,
Roll o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend,
With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns, — the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven? that dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round.
Hark to that roar whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar
Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage: — loud and more loud
The discord grows; till pale Death shuts the scene
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud. — Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there
In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there;
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn
Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance

Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outsallying victors; far behind
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen —
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day,
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

I see thee shrink,
Surpassing Spirit! — wert thou human else?
I see a shade of doubt and horror fleet
Across thy stainless features; yet fear not;
This is no unconnected misery,
Nor stands uncaused and irretrievable.
Man's evil nature, that apology
Which kings who rule, and cowards who crouch, set up
For their unnumbered crimes, sheds not the blood
Which desolates the discord-wasted land.
From kings and priests and statesmen war arose,
Whose safety is man's deep unbettered woe,
Whose grandeur his debasement. Let the axe
Strike at the root, the poison-tree will fall;
And where its venom'd exhalations spread
Ruin, and death, and woe, where millions lay
Quenching the serpent's famine, and their bones
Bleaching unburied in the putrid blast,
A garden shall arise, in loveliness
Surpassing fabled Eden.

.

But hoary-headed selfishness has felt
Its death-blow and is tottering to the grave;
A brighter morn awaits the human day,
When every transfer of earth's natural gifts
Shall be a commerce of good words and works;
When poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame,
The fear of infamy, disease and woe,
War with its million horrors, and fierce hell,
Shall live but in the memory of time,
Who, like a penitent libertine, shall start,
Look back, and shudder at his younger years.

PEACE AMONG NATIONS

Extract from The Task

WILLIAM COWPER

OH for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own, and having power

To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys.

.

Sure there is need of social intercourse,
Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,
Between the nations, in a world that seems
To toll the death-bell of its own decease.

.

Great princes have great playthings. Some have
played
At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountain high.
Some have amused the dull sad years of life,
Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad,
With schemes of monumental fame; and sought
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
Short-lived themselves, to immortalize their bones.
Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief, and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the world.

When Babel was confounded, and the great
Confederacy of projectors wild and vain
Was split into diversity of tongues,
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,
These to the upland, to the valley those,
God drave asunder, and assigned their lot
To all the nations. Ample was the boon
He gave them, in its distribution fair
And equal, and he bade them dwell in peace.
Peace was awhile their care: they ploughed and sowed,
And reaped their plenty without grudge or strife.
But violence can never longer sleep
Than human passions please. In every heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Cain had already shed a brother's blood;
The Deluge washed it out, but left unquenched
The seeds of murder in the breast of man.
Soon, by a righteous judgment, in the line
Of his descending progeny was found
The first artificer of death; the shrewd
Contriver who first sweated at the forge,
And forced the blunt and yet unbloodied steel
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
Him, Tubal named, the Vulcan of old times,
The sword and falchion their inventor claim,
And the first smith was the first murderer's son.
His art survived the waters; and ere long,
When man was multiplied and spread abroad
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
These meadows and that range of hills his own,

The tasted sweets of property begat
Desire of more; and industry in some,
To improve and cultivate their just demesne,
Made others covet what they saw so fair.
Thus war began on earth; these fought for spoil,
And those in self-defense. Savage at first
The onset, and irregular. At length
One eminent above the rest, for strength,
For stratagem, or courage, or for all,
Was chosen leader; him they served in war,
And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds
Reverenced no less. Who could with him compare?
Or who so worthy to control themselves
As he whose prowess had subdued their foes?
Thus war affording field for the display
Or who so worthy to control themselves
Which have their exigencies too, and call
For skill in government, at length made king.

.

But is it fit, or can it bear the shock
Of rational discussion, that a man
Compounded and made up like other men
Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust
And folly in as ample measure meet
As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules,
Should be a despot absolute, and boast
Himself the only freeman of his land?
Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will,
Wage war, with any or with no pretence
Of provocation given or wrong sustained,

And force the beggarly last doit, by means
That his own humor dictates, from the clutch
Of poverty, that thus he may procure
His thousands, weary of penurious life,
A splendid opportunity to die?

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

THE shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable-shed
Where the Virgin-Mother lay:
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
A Mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night!
While sweeter than a mother's song,
Blest angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high! and Peace on Earth.

She listened to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she pressed;
And while she cried, the Babe is mine!
The milk rushed faster to her breast:
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn;
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple, and of low estate!
That strife should vanish, battle cease,
O why should this thy soul elate?
Sweet Music's loudest note, the Poet's story, —
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?

And is not War a youthful king,
A stately hero clad in mail?
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;
Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail
Their friend, their playmate! and his bold bright eye
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

"Tell this in some more courtly scene,
To maids and youths in robes of state!
I am a woman poor and mean,
And therefore is my soul elate.
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears his child!

"A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
He kills the sire and starves the son;
The husband kills, and from her board
Steals all his widow's toil had won;
Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

"Then wisely is my soul elate,
That strife should vanish, battle cease:
I'm poor and of a low estate,

The Mother of the Prince of Peace.
Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn :
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born."

CHRISTMAS IN 1875

Supposed to be written by a Spaniard

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

No trumpet-blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince of Peace was born ;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn ;
But, o'er the peaceful plain,
The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded wain.

The soldier had laid by
The sword and stripped the corselet from his breast,
And hung his helm on high —
The sparrow's winter home and summer nest ;
And, with the same strong hand
That flung the barbed spear, he tilled the land.

Oh, time for which we yearn ;
Oh, sabbath of the nations long foretold !
Season of peace, return,
Like a late summer when the year grows old,
When the sweet sunny days
Steeped mead and mountain-side in golden haze.

For now two rival kings
Flaunt, o'er our bleeding land, their hostile flags,
And every sunrise brings
The hovering vulture from his mountain-crag
To where the battle-plain
Is strewn with dead, the youth and flower of Spain.

Christ is not come, while yet
O'er half the earth the threat of battle lowers,
And our own fields are wet,
Beneath the battle-cloud, with crimson showers —
The life-blood of the slain,
Poured out where thousands die that one may reign.

Soon, over half the earth,
In every temple crowds shall kneel again
To celebrate His birth
Who brought the message of good-will to men,
And bursts of joyous song
Shall shake the roof above the prostrate throng.

Christ is not come, while there
The men of blood whose crimes affront the skies
Kneel down in act of prayer,
Amid the joyous strains, and when they rise
Go forth, with sword and flame,
To waste the land in His most holy name.

Oh, when the day shall break
O'er realms unlearned in warfare's cruel arts,
And all their millions wake

To peaceful tasks performed with loving hearts.
On such a blessed morn,
Well may the nations say that Christ is born.

THE GARDEN OF THE HOLY VIRGIN ¹

ALEXANDER KUPRIN

FAR beyond the bounds of the Milky Way, upon a planet which will never be disclosed to the eye of the most diligent astronomer, blooms the wonderful, mysterious garden of the Holy Virgin Mary. All the flowers that exist upon our poor and sinful earth, bloom there for many long years, never fading, ever cared for by the patient hands of invisible gardeners. And each flower contains a particle of the soul of a man living on the earth, that particle which sleeps not during our nightly slumber, that leads us through marvelous lands, that shows us the centuries gone by, that conjures up before us the faces of our departed friends, that spins in our imagination the variegated tissues of our slumber-being, now sweet, now ludicrous, now terrible, now blissful, that makes us awaken in unreasonable joy, or in bitter tears, that often opens before us the impenetrable curtains, beyond which stretch out the dark paths of the future, discernible only to children, wise men, and blessed clairvoyants. These flowers are the souls of human dreams.

Every time that the moon is full, in those hours of the

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night that immediately precede the dawn, when our nightly visions are especially bright, lively, and restless, when the pale lunatics, with their eyes closed and their faces turned toward the sky, return to their cold beds along the dangerous edges of the house-tops, when the night-flowers open their chalices — then the Holy Virgin walks through her garden with light and quiet steps. To her right, glides the round moon, while behind it, never tarrying, always keeping the same distance, flows a little star, like a small boat tied with invisible threads to the stern of a large ship. Soon both the ship and the boat disappear, buried in the vaporlike, orange-colored clouds, and, suddenly, they appear in the dark-blue space. Then their light lends a silvery hue to the Holy Virgin's blue chiton and to her beautiful face, whose charm and blessedness no man can describe with word, brush, or music.

And, fluttering in joyous impatience, the flowers sway on their thin stems and, like children, stretch out to touch the blue chiton with their petals. And Holy Mary gently smiles upon their pure joy, for she is the mother of Jesus, who loved flowers so dearly during his life on earth. With her thin, white, kind fingers she gently caresses the souls of children, the modest daisies, goldcups, snowdrops, veronicas, and the fairy spheres of dandelions. Boundless is her bounty, for it extends over them all: the daffodils, those beautiful love-flowers, the proud and passionate roses, the conceited peonies, the orchids, so terrible in their strange beauty, the bitter, fiery poppies, the tuberose and hyacinths, that spread their heavy odors around the death-bed. She

sends bright maidenly dreams to lilies-of-the-valley, violets, and mignonettes. And to the plain wild flowers, the souls of ordinary toilers, wearied with the day's labor, she sends profound, restful sleep.

And she visits also the far-away corners of the garden, wildly overgrown with thorny, monstrous cactuses, greenish ferns, intoxicating hops, and the creeping, graveyard ivy, and to them all, despairing of joy on earth, disappointed in life, sorrowful, and grieving, gloomily hastening to meet death, she grants moments of complete forgetfulness, without dreams, without memories.

And in the morning, when amidst the gold and crimson dawn, the triumphant sun, ever burning with the fire of victory, begins to rise, the Holy Virgin lifts her clear eyes toward heaven and says:

"Be thou blessed, O Creator, who exhibits to us the sign of his greatness. Be blessed all his creation, too. Be blessed the sacred eternal maternity of the world. For ever and ever."

And the flowers send their reply in scarcely audible whisper:

"Amen."

And like holy incense their aromatic breath rises upward. And the bright face of the sun trembles, reflected in many-colored rays from each dewdrop.

On this night, too, the Holy Virgin walks through her garden. But sad is her beauteous face, lowered are the lashes of her bright eyes, powerless hang her arms along the folds of her blue chiton. Terrible visions float be-

fore her; red fields and pastures, still reeking with blood; burnt homes and churches; violated women, tortured children; mounds and mountains of corpses under which moan the dying; groans, curses, blasphemy that breaks through the death-rattle and the cries; mutilated bodies, withered breasts, fields of battle black with ravens. . . .

Oppressive silence, as before a thunderstorm, overhangs the world. The air is perfectly motionless. But the flowers tremble and sway in fright as in a tempest, bending to the very ground and extending their heads to the Virgin with boundless entreaty.

Closed are her lips, and sad is her face. Again and again before her rises the image of Him whom human malice, envy, intolerance, cupidity, and ambition sentenced to unbearable tortures and a shameful death. She sees Him — beaten, bleeding, carrying upon His shoulders His heavy cross, and stumbling under its weight. Upon the dusty road she sees dark sprays, the drops of His divine blood. She sees His beautiful body, mutilated by torture, hanging by out-turned arms upon the cross, with protruding chest, and bloody sweat upon His deathly pale face. And again she hears His dreadful whisper: "I am thirsty!" And again, as then, a sword is plunged into the mother's heart.

The sun rises, hidden beyond dark, heavy clouds. It burns in heaven like an enormous red blot, the bloody conflagration of the world. And lifting up her saddened eyes, the Holy Virgin asks timidly, her voice trembling:

"O Lord! Where are the bounds of Thy great wrath?"

But relentless is the wrath of God, and none knows
its bounds! And when, in grief and sorrow, the Holy
Virgin lowers her eyes again, she sees that the innocent
cups of gentle flowers are filled with bloody dew.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,

And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kind voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and
courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace! "

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

ILLUSION OF WAR

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

WAR

I abhor,
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife! And I forget
Wet eyes of widows, and forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul — save this bright drink
Of heady music, sweet as hell;
And even my peace-abiding feet
Go marching with the marching street;
For yonder, yonder, goes the fife,
And what care I for human life!
The tears fill my astonished eyes,
And my full heart is like to break;
And yet 'tis all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers make.

Oh, it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks

Hidden in music, like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe.
Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this;
Oh! snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is!

THE CAUSES OF WAR

Extract from Gulliver's Travels

JONATHAN SWIFT

[My master] asked me what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another? I answered they were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern; sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war in order to stifle or divert the clamor of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinions has cost many millions of lives

Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrelleth with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon because the enemy is too *strong*, and sometimes because he is too *weak*.

Sometimes our neighbors want the things which we have, or have the things which we want, and we both fight till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of a war, to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and complete. If a prince sends forces into a nation where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honorable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another, to secure him against an invasion that the assistant, when he hath driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood or marriage is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer the kindred is, the greater is their disposition to quarrel. Poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honorable of all others; because a soldier is a *Yahoo*, hired to kill, in cold blood, as many of his own species, who have never offended him, as possibly he can.

There is likewise a kind of beggarly princes in Europe, not able to make war by themselves, who hire

out their troops to richer nations, for so much a day to each man; of which they keep three-fourths to themselves, and it is the best part of their maintenance; such are those in many northern parts of Europe.

"What you have told me," said my master, "upon the subject of war does, indeed, discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to; however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger; and that nature has left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief.

"For, ~~Y~~our mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then, as to the claws upon your feet, before and behind, they are so short and tender, that one of our *Yahoos* would drive a dozen of yours before him. And therefore, in recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think you have *said the thing which is not.*"

I could not forbear shaking my head, and smiling a little at his ignorance. And, being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, muskets, carabines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, sea-fights, ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side, dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet, flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewn with carcasses, left for food to dogs and wolves and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning, and destroying. And, to

set forth the valor of my own dear countrymen, I assured him that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship, and beheld the dead bodies drop down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators.

I was going on to more particulars when my master commanded me silence. He said, whoever understood the nature of *Yahoos* might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named if their strength and cunning equalled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind to which he was wholly a stranger before. He thought his ears being used to such abominable words might, by degrees, admit them with less detestation; that, although he hated the *Yahoos* of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities than he did a *ginnayh* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed, therefore, confident, that instead of reason, we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices; as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill-shapen body, not only larger, but more distorted.

THE BURGHERS' BATTLE

WILLIAM MORRIS

Thick rise the spear-shafts o'er the land
That erst the harvest bore;
The sword is heavy in the hand,
And we return no more.

The light wind waves the Ruddy Fox,
Our banner of the war,
And ripples in the Running Ox,
And we return no more.

Across our stubble acres now
The teams go four and four;
But outworn elders guide the plough,
And we return no more.

And now the women, heavy-eyed,
Turn through the open door
From gazing down the highway wide,
Where we return no more.

The shadows of the fruited close
Dapple the feast-hall floor;
There lie our dogs and dream and doze,
And we return no more.

Down from the minster tower to-day
Fall the soft chimes of yore
Amidst the chattering jackdaws' play:
And we return no more.

But underneath the streets are still;
Noon, and the market's o'er!
Back go the goodwives o'er the hill;
For we return no more.

What merchant to our gates shall come?
What wise man bring us lore?
What abbot ride away to Rome,
Now we return no more?

What mayor shall rule the hall we built?
Whose scarlet sweep the floor?
What judge shall doom the robber's guilt,
Now we return no more?

New houses in the streets shall rise
Where builded we before,
Of other stone wrought otherwise;
For we return no more.

And crops shall cover field and hill,
Unlike what once they bore,
And all be done without our will,
Now we return no more.

Look up! the arrows streak the sky,
The horns of battle roar;
The long spears lower and draw nigh,
And we return no more.

Remember how, beside the wain,
We spoke the word of war,
And sowed this harvest of the plain,
And we return no more.

Lay spears about the Ruddy Fox!
The days of old are o'er;
Heave sword about the Running Ox!
For we return no more.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

ROBERT SOUTHEY

It was a summer evening;
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found:
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,

And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
" Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,
" Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
" That 'twas a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

" With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then,
 And new-born baby, died;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

" They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun:
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

" Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
 And our good Prince Eugene."
 " Why, 'twas a very wicked thing! "
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 " Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he;
 " It was a famous victory.

" And everybody praised the Duke,
 Who this great fight did win."
 " But what good came of it at last? "
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 " Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
 " But 'twas a famous victory."

THE PYRES

HERMANN HAGEDORN

Pyres in the night, in the night!
And the roaring yellow and red.
Trooper, trooper, why so white?
We are out to gather our dead.
We have brought dry boughs from the bloody wood
And the torn hill-side;
We have felled great trunks, wet with the blood
Of brothers that died;
We have piled them high for a flaming bed,
Hemlock and ash and pine for a bed,
A throne in the night, a throne for a bed —
And we go to gather our dead.

There where the oaks loom, dark and high,
Over the sombre hill,
Body on body, cold and still,
Under the stars they lie.
There where the silver river runs,
Careless and calm as fate,
Mowed, mowed by the terrible guns,
The stricken brothers wait.
There by the smoldering house, and there
Where the red smoke hangs on the heavy air,
Under the ruins, under the hedge,
Cheek by cheek at the forest-edge;
Back to breast, three men deep,
Hearing not bugle or drum,

In the desperate trench they died to keep,
Under the starry dome they sleep,
Murmuring, " Brothers, come! "

This way! I heard a call
Like a stag's when he dies.
Under the willows I saw him fall.
Under the willows he lies.
Give me your hand. Raise him up.
Lift his head. Strike a light.
This morning we shared a crust and a cup.
He wants no supper to-night.
Take his feet. Here the shells
Broke all day long,
Moaning and shrieking hell's
Bacchanalian song!
Last night he helped me bear
Men to hell's fêteing.
To-morrow, maybe, somewhere,
We, too, shall lie waiting.

Pyres in the night, in the night!
Weary and sick and dumb,
Under the flickering, faint starlight
The drooping gleaners come.
Out of the darkness, dim
Shadowy, shadow-bearers,
Dragging into the bale-fire's rim
Pallid death-farers.

PEACE AND PATRIOTISM

Pyres in the night, in the night!
In the plain, on the hill.
No volleys for their last rite.
We need our powder — to kill.
High on their golden bed,
Pile up the dead!

Pyres in the night, in the night!
Torches, piercing the gloom!
Look! How the sparks take flight!
Stars, stars, make room!
Smoke, that was bone and blood!
Hark! the deep roar.
It is the souls telling God
The glory of WAR!

WAR AND PEACE

*Extract from Epilogue to Charge of the Heavy
Brigade at Balaclava*

ALFRED TENNYSON

I WOULD that wars should cease,
I would the globe from end to end
Might sow and reap in peace,
And some new Spirit o'erbear the old,
Or Trade refrain the Powers
From war with kindly links of gold,
Or Love with wreaths of flowers.
Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all
My friends and brother souls,

With all the peoples, great and small,
That wheel between the poles.
But since our mortal shadow, Ill,
To waste this earth began —
Perchance from some abuse of Will
In worlds before the man
Involving ours — he needs must fight
To make true peace his own,
He needs must combat might with might,
Or Might would rule alone;
And who loves war for war's own sake
Is fool, or crazed, or worse;
But let the patriot-soldier take
His meed of fame in verse;
Nay — tho' that realm were in the wrong
For which her warriors bleed,
It still were right to crown with song
The warrior's noble deed.

TRUE PEACE

Extracts from Casa Guidi Windows

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

CHILDREN use the fist
Until they are of age to use the brain;
And so we needed Cæsars to assist
Man's justice, and Napoleons to explain
God's counsel, when a point was nearly missed,
Until our generations should attain
Christ's stature nearer. Not that we, alas,

Attain already; but a single inch

Will raise to look down on the swordsman's pass,
As knightly Roland on the coward's finch;

And, after chloroform and ether-gas,
We find out slowly what the bee and finch

Have ready found, through Nature's lamp in each,
How to our races we may justify

Our individual claims and, as we reach
Our own grapes, bend the top vines to supply

The children's uses, — how to fill a breach
With olive-branches, — how to quench a lie

With truth, and smite a foe upon the cheek
With Christ's most conquering kiss. Why, these are
things

Worth a great nation's finding, to prove weak
The "glorious arms" of military kings.

And so with wide embrace, my England, seek
To stifle the bad heat and flickerings

Of this world's false and nearly expended fire!
Draw palpitating arrows to the wood,

And twang abroad thy high hopes and thy higher
Resolves, from that most virtuous altitude!

Till nations shall unconsciously aspire
By looking up to thee, and learn that good

And glory are not different. Announce law
By freedom; exalt chivalry by peace;

Instruct how clear calm eyes can overawe,
And how pure hands, stretched simply to release

A bond-slave, will not need a sword to draw
To be held dreadful. O my England, cease

Thy purple with no alien agonies,

No struggles toward encroachment, no vile war!
Disband thy captains, change thy victories,
Be henceforth prosperous as the angels are,
Helping, not humbling.

Drums and battle-cries
Go out in music of the morning-star —
And soon we shall have thinkers in the place
Of fighters, each found able as a man
To strike electric influence through a race,
Unstayed by city-wall and barbican.
The poet shall look grander in the face
Than even of old (when he of Greece began
To sing "that Achillean wrath which slew
So many heroes"), — seeing he shall treat
The deeds of souls heroic toward the true,
The oracles of life, previsions sweet
And awful like divine swans gliding through
White arms of Ledas, which will leave the heat
Of their escaping godship to endue
The human medium with a heavenly flush.

.

A cry is up in England, which doth ring
The hollow world through, that for ends of trade
And virtue and God's better worshipping,
We henceforth should exalt the name of Peace
And leave those rusty wars that eat the soul, —
Besides their clippings at our golden fleece.
I, too, have loved peace, and from bole to bole
Of immemorial undeciduous trees

Would write, as lovers use upon a scroll,
The holy name of Peace and set it high
Where none could pluck it down. On trees, I say —

Not upon gibbets! — With the greenery
Of dewy branches and the flowery May,
Sweet mediation betwixt earth and sky
Providing, for the shepherd's holiday.

Not upon gibbets! though the vulture leaves
The bones to quiet, which he first picked bare.

Not upon dungeons! though the wretch who grieves
And groans within, less stirs the outer air

Than any little field-mouse stirs the sheaves.
Not upon chain-bolts! though the slave's despair

Has dulled his helpless miserable brain
And left him blank beneath the freeman's whip
To sing and laugh out idiocies of pain.

Nor yet on starving homes! where many a lip
Has sobbed itself asleep through curses vain.

I love no peace which is not fellowship

And which includes not mercy. I would have
Rather the raking of the guns across

The world, and shrieks against Heaven's architrave;
Rather the struggle in the slippery fosse

Of dying men and horses, and the wave
Blood-bubbling . . . Enough said! — by Christ's own
cross,

And by this faint heart of my womanhood,
Such things are better than a Peace that sits
Beside a hearth in self-commended mood,
And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits
Are howling out of doors against the good

Of the poor wanderer. What! your peace admits
Of outside anguish while it keeps at home?
I loathe to take its name upon my tongue, —
'Tis nowise peace; 'tis treason, stiff with doom, —
'Tis gagged despair and inarticulate wrong,

.

O Lord of Peace, who art Lord of Righteousness,
Constrain the anguished worlds from sin and grief,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with redress,
And give us peace which is no counterfeit!

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN

New York Harbor, August 20, 1898

GUY WETMORE CARRYL

To eastward ringing, to westward winging,
O'er mapless miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides
That the furthestmost isles are free;
And the furthestmost isles make answer,
Harbor, and height, and hill,
Breaker and beach cry, each to each,
" 'Tis the Mother who calls! Be still! "
Mother! new-found, beloved,
And strong to hold from harm,
Stretching to these across the seas
The shield of her sovereign arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons,
Who bade her navies roam,

Who calls again to the leagues of main,
And who calls them this time home!

And the great gray ships are silent,
And the weary watchers rest;
The black cloud dies in the August skies,
And deep in the golden west
Invisible hands are limning
A glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of
A myriad wakened stars!
Peace! As the tidings silence
The strenuous cannonade,
Peace at last! is the bugle blast
The length of the long blockade;
And eyes of vigil weary
Are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip
It is "Peace! Thank God for peace!"

Ah, in the sweet hereafter
Columbia still shall show
The sons of those who swept the seas
How she bade them rise and go;
How, when the stirring summons
Smote on her children's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth,
And the whole land answered, "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story
And the heart of the sailor's song

Are all of those who meet their foes
As right should meet with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs,
And then, on the decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise
To the grace of their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle,
And good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people
To the uttermost ends of sea,
To see the day steal up the bay,
Where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip
And sink her across the strait:—
But better the golden evening
When the ships round heads for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past
In a swirl of seething foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate
To greet the men who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace,
When the great gray ships come in!

A SONG FOR PEACE

JOAQUIN MILLER

As a tale that is told, as a vision,
Forgive and forget; for I say
That the true shall endure the derision
Of the false till the full of the day;

Ay, forgive as you would be forgiven;
Ay, forget, lest the ill you have done
Be remember'd against you in heaven
And all the days under the sun.

For who shall have bread without labor?
And who shall have rest without price?
And who shall hold war with his neighbor
With promise of peace with the Christ?

The years may lay hand on fair heaven;
May place and displace the red stars;
May stain them, as blood stains are driven
At sunset in beautiful bars;

May shroud them in black till they fret us
As clouds with their showers of tears;
May grind us to dust and forget us,
May the years, O, the pitiless years!

But the precepts of Christ are beyond them;
The truths by the Nazarene taught,
With the tramp of the ages upon them,
They endure as though ages were naught;

The deserts may drink up the fountains,
The forests give place to the plain,
The main may give place to the mountains,
The mountains return to the main;

Mutations of worlds and mutations
Of suns may take place, but the reign
Of Time, and the toils and vexations
Bequeath them, no, never a stain.

Go forth to the fields as one sowing,
Sing songs and be glad as you go,
There are seeds that take root without showing,
And bear some fruit whether or no.

And the sun shall shine sooner or later,
Though the midnight breaks ground on the morn,
Then appeal you to Christ, the Creator,
And to gray-bearded Time, His first-born.

ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

ALFRED TENNYSON

UPLIFT a thousand voices full and sweet,
In this wide hall with earth's invention stored,
And praise the invisible universal Lord,
Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,
Where Science, Art, and Labor have outpour'd
Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

O silent father of our Kings to be,
Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

The world-compelling plan was thine,—
And, lo! the long laborious miles
Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,
Rich in model and design,
Harvest-tool and husbandry,
Loom and wheel and enginery,
Secrets of the sullen mine,
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
Fabric rough, or fairy-fine,
Sunny tokens of the Line,
Polar marvels, and a feast
Of wonder, out of West and East,
And shapes and hues of Art divine!
All of beauty, all of use,
That one fair planet can produce,
 Brought from under every star,
Blown from over every main,
And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,
 The works of peace with works of war.

Is the goal so far away?
Far, how far no tongue can say,
Let us dream our dream to-day.

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing Commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours;
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,

Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth and crown'd with
all her flowers.

THE MESSAGE OF PEACE

JULIA WARD HOWE

BID the din of battle cease!
Folded be the wings of fire!
Let your courage conquer peace, —
Every gentle heart's desire.

Let the crimson flood retreat!
Blended in the arc of love,
Let the flags of nations meet;
Bind the raven, loose the dove;

At the altar that we raise
King and Kaiser may bow down;
Warrior-knights above their bays
Wear the sacred olive crown.

Blinding passion is subdued,
Men discern their common birth,
God hath made of kindred blood
All the peoples of the earth.

High and holy are the gifts
He has lavished on the race, —

Hope that quickens, prayer that lifts,
Honor's meed, and beauty's grace.

As in Heaven's bright face we look
Let our kindling souls expand;
Let us pledge, on nature's book,
Heart to heart and hand to hand.

For the glory that we saw
In the battle-flag unfurled,
Let us read Christ's better law:
Fellowship for all the world!

PEACE SONG

JOHN RUSKIN

AWAKE! awake! the stars are pale, the east is russet
gray;
They fade, behold the phantoms fade, that kept the
gates of Day;
Throw wide the burning valves, and let the golden
streets be free,
The morning watch is past — the watch of evening
shall not be.

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your
brands to dust:
A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a
better trust;

Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break the helmet
bar, —

A noise is on the morning winds, but not the noise of
war!

Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops
increase:

They come! they come! — how fair their feet — they
come that publish peace!

Yea, Victory! fair Victory! our enemies' and ours,
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth
with flowers.

Ah! still depressed and dim with dew, but yet a little
while,

And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall
smile,

And every tender living thing shall feed by streams of
rest,

Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursling from
the nest.

For aye, the time of wrath is past, and near the time of
rest,

And honor binds the brow of man, and faithfulness his
breast, —

Behold, the time of wrath is past, and righteousness
shall be,

And the Wolf is dead in Arcady, and the Dragon in the
sea!

AT GIBRALTAR

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

I

ENGLAND, I stand on thy imperial ground,
Not all a stranger; as thy bugles blow,
I feel within my blood old battles flow —
The blood whose ancient founts in thee are found.
Still surging dark against the Christian bound
Wide Islam presses; well its peoples know
Thy heights that watch them wandering below;
I think how Lucknow heard their gathering sound.
I turn, and meet the cruel, turbaned face.
England, 'tis sweet to be so much thy son!
I feel the conqueror in my blood and race;
Last night Trafalgar awed me, and to-day
Gibraltar wakened; hark, thy evening gun
Startles the desert over Africa!

II

Thou art the rock of empire, set mid-seas
Between the East and West, that God has built;
Advance thy Roman borders where thou wilt,
While run thy armies true with His decrees;
Law, justice, liberty — great gifts are these;
Watch that they spread where English blood is spilt,
Lest, mixed and sullied with his country's guilt,
The soldier's life-stream flow, and Heaven displease!
Two swords there are: one naked, apt to smite,

Thy blade of war, and, battle-storied, one
Rejoices in the sheath, and hides from light.
American I am, would wars were done!
Now westward, look, my country bids good-night —
Peace to the world from ports without a gun!

THE DAWN OF PEACE

ALFRED NOYES

Yes — “on our brows we feel the breath
Of dawn,” though in the night we wait!
An arrow is in the heart of Death,
A God is at the doors of Fate!
The spirit that moved upon the Deep
Is moving through the minds of men:
The nations feel it in their sleep,
A change has touched their dreams again.

Voices, confused, and faint, arise,
Troubling their hearts from East and West.
A doubtful light is in their skies,
A gleam that will not let them rest:
The dawn, the dawn is on the wing,
The stir of change on every side,
Unsignalled as the approach of Spring,
Invincible as the hawthorn-tide.

Have ye not heard it, far and nigh,
The voice of France across the dark,
And all the Atlantic with one cry
Beating the shores of Europe? — hark!

Then — if ye will — uplift your word
Of cynic wisdom! Once again
Tell us He came to bring a sword,
Tell us He lived and died in vain.

Say that we dream! Our dreams have woven
Truths that out-face the burning sun:
The lightnings, that we dreamed, have cloven
Time, space, and linked all lands in one!
Dreams! But their swift celestial fingers
Have knit the world with threads of steel,
Till no remotest island lingers
Beyond the world's one Commonweal.

Tell us that custom, sloth, and fear
Are strong, then name them "common-sense"!
Tell us that greed rules everywhere,
Then dub the lie "experience":
Year after year, age after age,
Has handed down, thro' fool and child,
For earth's divinest heritage
The dreams whereon old wisdom smiled.

Dreams are they? But ye cannot stay them,
Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!
Truth, Love, and Justice, if ye slay them,
Return with more than earthly power:
Strive, if ye will, to seal the fountains
That send the Spring thro' leaf and spray:
Drive back the sun from the Eastern mountains,
Then — bid this mightier movement stay.

It is the Dawn of Peace! The nations
From East to West have heard a cry, —
“ Though all earth’s blood-red generations
By hate and slaughter climbed thus high,
Here — on this height — still to aspire,
One only path remains untrod,
One path of love and peace climbs higher!
Make straight that highway for our God! ”

ARMAGEDDON

A War Song of the Future

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

MARCHING down to Armageddon —
Brothers, stout and strong!
Let us cheer the way we tread on
With a soldier’s song!
Faint we by the weary road,
Or fall we in the rout,
Dirge or Pæan, Death or Triumph! —
Let the song ring out!

We are they who scorn the scorers —
Love the lovers — hate
None within the world’s four corners —
All must share one fate;
We are they whose common banner
Bears no badge nor sign,
Save the Light which dyes it white —
The Hope that makes it shine.

We are they whose bugle rings,
That all the wars may cease;
We are they will pay the Kings
Their cruel price for Peace;
We are they whose steadfast watchword
Is what Christ did teach, —
“ Each man for his Brother first —
And Heaven, then, for each.”

We are they who will not falter —
Many swords or few —
Till we make this Earth the altar
Of a worship new;
We are they who will not take
From palace, priest, or code,
A meaner law than “ Brotherhood ” —
A lower Lord than God.

Marching down to Armageddon —
Brothers, stout and strong!
Ask not why the way we tread on
Is so rough and long!
God will tell us when our spirits
Grow to grasp His plan!
Let us, do our part to-day —
And help Him, helping Man!

Shall we even curse the madness,
Which for “ ends of State ”

Dooms us to the long, long sadness
Of this human hate?
Let us slay in perfect pity
Those that must not live;
Vanquish, and forgive our foes —
Or fall — and still forgive!

We are those whose unpaid legions,
In free ranks arrayed,
Massacred in many regions —
Never once were stayed;
We are they whose torn battalions,
Trained to bleed, not fly,
Make our agonies a triumph, —
Conquer, while we die!

Therefore, down to Armageddon —
Brothers, bold and strong;
Cheer the glorious way we tread on
With this soldier's song!
Let the armies of the old flags
March in silent dread!
Death and Life are one to us,
Who fight for Quick and Dead!

MIDNIGHT — THE 31ST OF DECEMBER
1900*Extracts*

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

Lo! now on the midnight the soul of the century
passing,
And on midnight the voice of the Lord!

.

“In the years that shall be I will bind me nation to
nation

And shore unto shore,” saith our God.

“For this cause I will make of your warfare a terrible
thing,

A thing impossible, vain;

For a man shall set his hand to a handle and wither
Invisible armies and fleets,

And a lonely man with a breath shall exterminate
armies,

With a whisper annihilate fleets;

And the captain shall sit in his chamber and level a
city,

The far-off capital city.

Then the Tsar that dreameth in snow and broodeth in
winter,

That foiled dreamer in frost,

And the Teuton Emperor then, and the Gaul and the
Briton

Shall cease from impossible war,

Discarding their glittering legions, armadas of iron,
As children toys that are old.
As a man hath been brought, I will bring unto judgment a nation;
Nor shall numbers be pleaded for sin.
And that people to whom I gave in commission the ocean
To use my waters for right,
Let them look to the inward things, to the searching of spirit,
And cease from boasting and noise.
Then nation shall cleave unto nation, and Babel shall fall:
They shall speak in a common tongue,
And the soul of the Gaul shall leap to the soul of the Briton
Through all disguises and shows;
And soul shall speak unto soul — I weary of tongues,
I weary of babble and strife.
Lo! I am the bonder and knitter together of spirits,
I dispense with nations and shores.

.

“Lo! I am the burster of bonds and the breaker of barriers —
I am He that shall free,” saith the Lord.
“For the lingering battle, the contest of ages is ending,
And victory followeth Me.”

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

JULIA WARD HOWE

UNFURL the flag, ye veterans all,
Respond to the familiar call!
Let Drum and Fife awakened be
For Freedom's glorious *Reveillé!*

The gathering crowds with haste obey
The joyful summons of the day.
The cannon's rhythmic boom resounds,
The snapping fire toy goes its rounds.

Above the noise, above the sport,
Shall Justice hold her sober court:
"You, people whom this day set free,
What shall you do for liberty?"

Our friendly harbors open stand,
To hail the ships of every land.
The fainting exile at our door
Finds cheer and welcome evermore.

With the great boon that we have gained
A holy promise is enchained.
Not for ourselves alone we fought,
But for a wide deliverance wrought.

Freedom is in the dauntless heart,
The will t' enact a noble part,
The faith that reads with reverent eyes
A message writ beyond the skies.

While yet on earth one Tyrant wields
The scourge that strips the fertile fields,
While one his iron rule doth fling
O'er men who call their conscience King,
While Right from armed Might must flee,
We are not free, we are not free.

Where sets the Autocrat his seal,
And starving hinds his prowess feel,
Where bleeds the Christian for his cross,
There do we suffer pain and loss.

As in one temple let us kneel
To pray for every nation's weal;
Then speed the messengers of peace
To cry: "The reign of blood must cease."

THE PRAYER FOR PEACE

ALFRED NOYES

"Unless public opinion can rise to the height of discussing the substitution of law for force as a great world-movement, the American arbitration proposals cannot be carried out."

Sir Edward Grey.

DARE we — though our hope deferred
Left us faithless long ago —
Dare we let our hearts be stirred,
Lift them to the light and *know*,
Cast away our cynic shields,

Break the sword that Mockery wields,
Know that Truth indeed prevails,
And that Justice holds the scales?

Britain, kneel!

Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!

Dare we know that this great hour,
Dawning on thy long renown,
Marks the purpose of thy power,
Crowns thee with a mightier crown,
Know that to this purpose climb
All the blood-red wars of Time?

If indeed thou *hast* a goal
Beaconing to thy warrior soul,

Britain, kneel!

Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!

Dare we know what every age
Writes with an unerring hand,
Read the midnight's moving page,
Read the stars and understand,—
Out of Chaos ye shall draw
Linked harmonies of Law,
Till around the Eternal Sun
All your peoples move in one?

Britain, kneel!

Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!

Dare we know that wearied eyes
Dimmed with dust of every day
Can, once more, desire the skies
And the glorious upward way?

Dare we, if the Truth should still
Vex with doubt our alien will,
Take it to our Maker's throne,
Let him speak with us alone?
Britain, kneel!
Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!

*Dare we cast our pride away?
Dare we tread where Lincoln trod?
All the Future, by this day,
Waits to judge us and our God!
Set the struggling peoples free!
Crown with Law their Liberty!
Proud with an immortal pride,
Kneel we at our Sister's side!
Britain, kneel!
Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!*

SONNETS WRITTEN IN THE FALL OF 1914

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

I PRAY for peace; yet peace is but a prayer.
How many wars have been in my brief years!
All races and all faiths, both hemispheres,
My eyes have seen embattled everywhere
The wide earth through; yet do I not despair
Of peace, that slowly through far ages nears,
Though not to me the golden morn appears;
My faith is perfect in time's issue fair.

For man doth build on an eternal scale,
And his ideals are framed of hope deferred;
The millennium came not; yet Christ did not fail,
Though ever unaccomplished is His word;
Him Prince of Peace, though unenthroned, we hail,
Supreme when in all bosoms He be heard.

This is my faith, and my mind's heritage,
Wherein I toil, though in a lonely place,
Who yet world-wide survey the human race
Unequal from wild nature disengage
Body and soul, and life's old strife assuage;
Still must abide, till heaven perfect its grace,
And love grown wisdom sweeten in man's face,
Alike the Christian and the heathen rage.

The tutelary genius of mankind
Ripens by slow degrees the final State,
That in the soul shall its foundations find
And only in victorious love grow great;
Patient the heart must be, humble the mind,
That doth the greater births of time await!

Whence not unmoved I see the nations form
From Dover to the fountains of the Rhine,
A hundred leagues, the scarlet battle-life,
And by the Vistula great armies swarm,
A vaster flood; rather my breast grows warm,
Seeing all peoples of the earth combine
Under one standard, with one countersign,
Grown brothers in the universal storm.

And never through the wide world yet there rang
A mightier summons! O Thou who from the side
Of Athens and the loins of Cæsar sprang,
Strike, Europe, with half the coming world allied
For those ideals for which, since Homer sang,
The hosts of thirty centuries have died.

THE PEACE-PIPE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

ON the mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He, the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;

From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heaven,
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the prophets of the nations

Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,

With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise: —

“O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you!

“I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

“I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,

All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

“ I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!

“ Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward! ”

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces.
Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending;
Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,

As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war-paint;
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The great spirit, the creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life, ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

TUBAL CAIN

CHARLES MACKAY

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung:
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,

Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire:
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,

The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man! ”

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: “ Hurrah for my handiwork! ”
And the red sparks lit the air;
“ Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,” —
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands:
And sang: “ Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword! ”

THE TRUMPETS OF DOOLKARNEIN

LEIGH HUNT

With awful walls, far glooming, that possessed
The passes 'twixt the snow-fed Caspian fountains,
Doolkarnein, the dread lord of East and West,
Shut up the northern nations in their mountains;
And upon platforms where the oak-trees grew,
Trumpets he set, huge beyond dreams of wonder,
Craftily purposed, when his arms withdrew,
To make him thought still housed there, like the
thunder:
And it so fell; for when the winds blew right,
They woke their trumpets to their calls of might.

Unseen, but heard, their calls the trumpets blew,
Ringing the granite rocks, their only bearers,
Till the long fear into religion grew,
And nevermore those heights had human darers.
Dreadful Doolkarnein was an earthly god;
His walls but shadowed forth his mightier frowning;
Armies of giants at his bidding trod
From realm to realm, king after king discrowning.
When thunder spoke, or when the earthquake stirred,
Then, muttering in accord, his host was heard.

But when the winters marred the mountain shelves,
And softer changes came with vernal mornings,
Something had touched the trumpets' lofty selves,
And less and less rang forth their sovereign warnings;

Fewer and feebler; as when silence spreads
In plague-struck tents, where haughty chiefs, left
dying,
Fail by degrees upon their angry beds,
Till, one by one, ceases the last stern sighing.
One by one, thus, their breath the trumpets drew,
Till now no more the imperious music blew.

Is he then dead? Can great Doolkarnein die?
Or can his endless hosts elsewhere be needed?
Were the great breaths that blew his minstrelsy
Phantoms, that faded as himself receded?
Or is he angered? Surely he still comes;
This silence ushers the dread visitation;
Sudden will burst the torrent of his drums,
And then will follow bloody desolation.
So did fear dream; though now, with not a sound
To scare good hope, summer had twice crept round.

Then gathered in a band, with lifted eyes,
The neighbors, and those silent heights ascended.
Giant, nor aught blasting their bold emprise,
They met, though twice they halted, breath suspended;
Once, at a coming like a god's in rage
With thunderous leaps — but 'twas the piled snow,
falling; —
And once, when in the woods, an oak, for age,
Fell dead, the silence with its groan appalling.
At last they came where still, in dread array,
As though they still might speak, the trumpets lay.

Unhurt they lay, like caverns above ground,
The rifted rocks, for hands, about them clinging,
Their tubes as straight, their mighty mouths as round
And firm, as when the rocks were first set ringing.
Fresh from their unimaginable mould
They might have seemed, save that the storms had
stained them
With a rich rust, that now, with gloomy gold
In the bright sunshine, beautifully engrained them.
Breathless the gazers looked, nigh faint for awe,
Then leaped, then laughed. What was it now they saw?
Myriads of birds. Myriads of birds, that filled
The trumpets all with nests and nestling voices!
The great, huge, stormy music had been stilled
By the soft needs that nursed those small, sweet
noises!
O thou Doolkarnein, where is now thy wall?
Where now thy voice divine and all thy forces?
Great was thy cunning, but its wit was small
Compared with nature's least and gentlest courses.
Fears and false creeds may fright the realms awhile;
But Heaven and Earth abide their time, and smile.

THE TREATY ELM

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

ERE to the honored patriot's mansion yonder
These charmed and emblematic relics¹ pass,

¹ A piece of Penn's "Treaty Elm." with some other relics, was presented to President Lincoln and this poem was written to accompany them.

Upon the sacred fragments let me ponder,
While Fancy, to the admiring eye of Wonder,
Withdraws the veil, as in a magian's glass.

I see the "Treaty Elm," and hear the rustle
Of autumn leaves, where come the dusky troops,
In painted robes and plumes, to crowd and jostle, —
A savage scene, save that the peace-apostle
Stands central, and controls the untamed groups.

These are the boughs the forest eagle lit on,
Long ere he perched upon our nation's banner;
Beneath their shade I see the gentle Briton,
And hear the contract, binding, though unwritten,
And worded in the plain old scriptural manner.

Across the Delaware the sound comes faintly,
And fainter still across the tide of Time,
Though history yet repeats the language quaintly
That from lips of Penn, the calm and saintly,
Speaking of love, the only true sublime.

This is his mission, and his sole vocation;
To hear of this, the savage round him presses;
How sweetly falls the beautiful oration
Which bids them hear the marvelous revelation
Of Christian peace through all their wildernesses!

Not to defraud them of their broad possessions
He comes, or to control their eagle pinions,
But to pledge friendship and its sweet relations,
Truth and forbearance, gentleness and patience,
To all the people of their wild dominions.

"We meet," he said, "upon the open highway
Of broad good will, and honest faith and duty;
Let love fraternal brighten every by-way,
And peace inviolate be thy way as my way,
Till all the forest blossoms with new beauty."

So spake their friend, and they revered his teaching;
They said, "We will be true to thee and thine."
And through long seasons toward their future reaching
No act was shown their plighted faith impeaching —
Marring the compact, loving and divine.

O thou, like noble Penn, who truth adorest,
A priest at her great shrine in Freedom's temple,
While o'er this gift in thoughtful mood thou porest,
Point to the faithful children of the forest,
And bid the nations learn from their example.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

NEVIN O. WINTER

[On the summit of the mountains and about thirteen thousand feet above sea-level] stands the famous statue known as the Christ of the Andes. This statue was erected in 1904 as a symbol of perpetual peace between the two neighboring nations. It was cast in bronze from the cannon of the two nations, which had been purchased through fear of impending war. Its location is on the new international boundary line that has just been established by arbitration. Near it is a sign with the words "Chile" on one side, and "Argentina" on the other side.

The figure of Christ is twenty-six feet in height. In one hand it holds the emblem of the cross, while the other is extended in a blessing, and as if uttering the one magic word "Peace." On one side is a tablet with the inscription: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer." On another side is the inscription: —

"He is our Peace
Who hath made both One."

THE VISION OF PEACE

Extract from Onward

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

O, beautiful Vision of Peace,
Beam bright in the eyes of Man!
The host of the meek shall increase,
The Prophets are leading the van.
Have courage: we see the Morn!
Never Fear, tho' the Now be dark!
Out of Night the Day is born;
The Fire shall live from the spark.
It may take a thousand years
Ere the Era of Peace hold sway,
Look back and the Progress cheers
And a thousand years are a day!



THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

0.00



The World grows — yet not by chance;
It follows some marvelous plan;
Tho' slow to our wish the advance,
God rules the training of Man.

A VISTA

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

SAD heart, what will the future bring
To happier men when we are gone?
What golden days shall dawn for them,
Transcending all we gaze upon?

Will our long strife be laid at rest,
The warfare of our blind desires
Be merged in a perpetual peace,
And love illumine but harmless fires?

Shall faith released from forms that chain
And freeze the spirit while we pray,
Expect with calm and ardent eyes
The morning of death's brighter day?

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of science in their eyes.

.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live, as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

They shall be simple in their homes,
And splendid in their public ways,
Filling the mansions of the state
With music and with hymns of praise.

In aisles majestic, halls of pride,
Groves, gardens, baths, and galleries,
Manhood and youth and age shall meet
To grow by converse inly wise.

Woman shall be man's mate and peer
In all things strong and fair and good,
Still wearing on her brows the crown
Of sinless sacred motherhood.

High friendship, hitherto unknown,
Or by great poets half divined,
Shall burn, a steadfast star, within
The calm clear ether of the mind.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chant their heavenly songs before
God's face with undiscordant noise.

New arts shall bloom, of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies;
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, no shame,
Though pain and passion may not die;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

These things — they are no dream — shall be
For happier men when we are gone:
Those golden days for them shall dawn,
Transcending aught we gaze upon.

PEACE ON EARTH

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

PEACE, peace on earth! the heart of man for ever
Through all these weary strifes foretells the day;
Blessed be God, the hope forsakes him never,
That war shall end and swords be sheathed for aye.

Peace, peace on earth! for men shall love each other,
Hosts shall go forth to bless and not destroy;
For man shall see in every man a brother,
And peace on earth fulfil the angels' joy.

THE ANGELS' SONG

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From Heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

INTERNATIONAL ODE

*Sung by school children to the air of "God Save the
Queen," at the visit of the Prince of Wales to
Boston, October 18, 1860*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

God bless our Fathers' Land!
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own!
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave people's Friend,
On all her realms descend,
Protect her Throne!

PEACE AND PATRIOTISM

Father, with loving care
Guard Thou her kingdom's heir,
 Guide all his ways:
Thine arm his shelter be,
From him by land and sea
Bid storm and danger flee,
 Prolong his days!

Lord, let War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole Earth in peace
 Under thy wings!
Make all thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
 Great King of kings!

CENTENNIAL HYMN

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain

Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law:
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

A HYMN OF PEACE

*Sung at the "Jubilee," June 15, 1869, to the music of
Keller's "American Hymn"*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song,—
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,—
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Joyous we meet, on this altar of thine
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,—
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers, once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky! —
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main
Bid the full breath of the organ reply,—
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky! —
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

FESTIVAL HYMN

DUDLEY BUCK

O PEACE! on thine upsoaring pinion,
Thro' the world thine onward flight taking,
Teach the nations, their turmoil forsaking,
To seek thine eternal dominion.
From the Infinite Father descending,
O come with thine influence tender;
And show us how duly to render
To Him our glad praise never ending.

O Music! thy source, too, is holy,
Thro' thy pow'r ev'ry heart now uniting,
With thy magic each true soul delighting,
Blessed bond 'twixt the high and the lowly,
Thro' thee the great Father adoring,
Thy language is known to each nation,
Thro' thee the vast Hymn of Creation,
From tongues without number outpouring.

O Music! O Peace!
Happy blending of voices and hearts,
Of voices and hearts in sweet lays:
In this union, to God's holy praise,
Ever thus your pure influence lending.

Jehovah! thou Sov'reign of nations!
Sweet Peace to our land Thou hast granted;
Be Thy praises eternally chanted,
In Music forevermore!

Jehovah! thou Sov'reign of nations!
Sweet Peace to our land Thou hast granted;
Be Thy praises eternally chanted,
In Music forevermore,
Aye! forevermore, aye, forevermore,
In Music forevermore.
Amen! Amen! Amen! Amen!

HEAR, O YE NATIONS

*Written for the Second National Peace Congress
Chicago, May, 1909*

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

HEAR, hear, O ye Nations, and hearing obey
The cry from the past and the call of to-day!
Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured,
The glut of the cannon, the spoil of the sword.

Lo, dawns the new era, transcending the old,
The poet's rapt vision, by prophet foretold!
From war's grim tradition it maketh appeal,
To service of all in a world's commonweal.

Home, altar and school, the mill and the mart,
The workers afield, in science, in art,
Peace-circled and sheltered, shall join to create
The manifold life of the firm-built State.

Then, then shall the empire of right over wrong,
Be shield to the weak and a curb to the strong;
Then justice prevail and, the battle flags furled,
The High Court of Nations give law to the world.

And thou, O my Country, from many made one,
Last-born of the nations, at morning thy sun,
Arise to the place thou art given to fill,
And lead the world-triumph of peace and good-will.

OUR COUNTRY

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

"O BEAUTIFUL, my Country!"
Be thine a nobler care,
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair:
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair Freedom's open door!

For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled, flows in thine.

O Beautiful, our Country!
Round thee in love we draw:
Thine is the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem!

GOD, THE ALL-TERRIBLE

H. F. CHORLEY

God, the All-terrible! King, who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee:
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-pitiful! is it not crying —
Blood of the guiltless, like water outpoured?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening,
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

FOR THE GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

SEND down thy truth, O God!
Too long the shadows frown;
Too long the darkened way we've trod:
Thy truth, O Lord, send down!

Send down thy Spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for thy worship be:
Thy Spirit, oh, send down!

Send down thy love, thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife:
Thy living love send down!

Send down thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God, send down!

THE PATRIOT HYMN

From The Building of the Organ

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

Oh, Country, fair and grand,
Our glorious Fatherland,
Superb, star-crowned —
By Freedom's breezes fanned,
Firm in thy mountain band,
That guard on every hand
Thy sacred ground!

Thy children come to-day
A wreath of love to lay
Before thy feet.
In festival array,
With jocund hearts and gay,
Our homage pure we pay;
With song we meet!

In War's hard Wilderness,
With bitter storm and stress,
We've tarried long.
Now Peace thy sons shall bless!
Freedom and Righteousness
Shall make them strong!

Strong in the cause of Right
To aid the weak with might
Born of the Truth;

Strong as the hosts of Light
Arrayed against the Night,
To put all wrong to flight
With zeal of Youth!

We are thy Sword and Shield!
To thee our all we yield
At thy command.
But when War's wounds are healed,
In workshop and in field,
Our love is best revealed,
Dear Native Land!

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN

WASHINGTON ALLSTON

ALL hail! thou noble land,
Our Fathers' native soil!
Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the guest sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep

With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine —
O'er the main our naval line
Like the milky-way shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have past
Since our Fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untraveled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host; —
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast; —

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts, —
Between let Ocean roll,

Our joint communion breaking with the Sun;
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
“We are One.”

AMERICA

SYDNEY DOBELL

NOR force nor fraud shall sunder us! Oh ye
Who north or south, on east or western land,
Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God
For God; oh ye who in eternal youth
Speak with a living and creative flood
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book; live worthy of that grand
Heroic utterance — parted, yet a whole,
Far, yet unsevered — children brave and free
Of the great Mother-tongue, and ye shall be
Lords of an empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's
dream.

TRIBUTE TO AMERICA

Extract from The Revolt of Islam

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THERE is a people mighty in its youth,
A land beyond the oceans of the west,

Where, though with rudest rites, Freedom and Truth
Are worshipt. From a glorious mother's breast,
Who, since high Athens fell, among the rest
Sate like the Queen of Nations, but in woe,
By inbred monsters outraged and opprest,
Turns to her chainless child for succor now,
It draws the milk of Power in Wisdom's fullest flow.

That land is like an eagle, whose young gaze
Feeds on the noontide beam, whose golden plume
Floats moveless on the storm, and on the blaze
Of sunrise gleams when Earth is wrapt in gloom;
An epitaph of glory for thy tomb
Of murdered Europe may thy fame be made,
Great People! As the sands shalt thou become;
Thy growth is swift as morn when night must fade;
The multitudinous Earth shall sleep beneath thy shade.

Yes, in the desert, there is built a home
For Freedom! Genius is made strong to rear
The monuments of man beneath the dome
Of a new Heaven; myriads assemble there
Whom the proud lords of man, in rage or fear,
Drive from their wasted homes. The boon I pray
Is this — that Cythna shall be convoyed there, —
Nay, start not at the name — America!

PEACE HYMN FOR ENGLAND AND AMERICA

GEORGE HUNTINGTON

Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
 One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim:
One God, whose glorious name
 We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
 Let fame record.
Now, vengeful passion cease,
Come, victories of peace;
Nor hate nor pride's caprice
 Unsheathe the sword.

Though deep the sea, and wide,
'Twixt realm and realm, its tide
 Binds strand and strand.
So be the gulf between
Gray coasts and islands green
With bonds of peace serene
 And friendship spanned.

Now, may the God above
Guard the dear land we love,
 Both east and west.

Let love more fervent glow
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
Blessing and blest.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

CHARLES SANGSTER

GREATEST twain among the nations,
Bound alike by kindred ties —
Ties that never should be sundered
While your banners grace the skies —
But united, stand and labor,
Side by side, and hand in hand,
Battling with the sword of Freedom
For the peace of every land.
Yours the one beloved language,
Yours the same religious creed,
Yours the glory and the power,
Great as ever was the meed
Of old Rome, or Greece, or Sparta,
When their arms victoriously
Proved their terrible puissance
Over every land and sea.

Let the son respect the sire,
Let the father love the son,
Both unitedly supporting
All the glories they have won:

Thus in concert nobly wrestling,
They may work the world's release,
And when having crushed its tyrants,
Stand the sentinels of Peace —
Stand the mighty twin Colossus'
Giants of the latter days,
Straightening for the coming kingdom
All the steep and rugged ways,
Down which many a lofty nation —
Lofty on the scroll of fame —
Has been swept to righteous judgment,
Naught remaining but its name.

What! allied to Merrie England,
Have ye not a noble birth?
Yours, America, her honors,
Yours her every deed of worth.
Have ye not her Norman courage?
Wear ye not her Saxon cast?
Boast ye not her love of Freedom?
Do ye not revere the past
When her mighty men of genius —
Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope —
Glorified that self-same language,
Since become your pride and hope?

There will come a time, my Brothers,
And a dread time it will be,
When your swords will flash together,
For your faith in jeopardy.

.

See that then ye fail not, Brothers!
Set the listening skies aglow
With such deeds as live in heaven,
If your Faith be worth a blow.

Proud, then, of each other's greatness,
Ever struggle side by side;
Noble Son! time-honored Parent!
Let no paltry strife divide
Hearts like yours, that should be mindful
Only of each other's worth —
Mindful of your high position
'Mongst the powers of the earth.
Mightiest twain among the nations!
Bound alike by kindred ties —
Ties that never should be sundered,
While your banners grace the skies:
Hearts and destinies once united,
Steadfast to each other prove,
Bind them with enduring fetters —
Bind them with the Bonds of Love.

A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA

MARK LEMON

LET us quarrel, American kinsmen. Let us plunge into war. We have been friends too long. We have too highly promoted each other's wealth and prosperity. We are too plethoric; we want depletion. To which end, let us cut one another's throats. Let us sink, burn,

kill, and destroy, with mutual energy; sink each other's shipping, burn each other's arsenals, destroy each other's property at large. We will bombard your towns, and you shall bombard ours, if you can. Let us ruin each other's commerce as much as possible, — and that will be a considerable sum. Let our banks break, while we smite and slay one another; let our commercial houses smash right and left in the United States and the United Kingdom. Let us maim and mutilate one another; let us make of each other miserable objects, — cripples, halt, and blind, adapted for the town's end, to beg during life.

Come, let us render the wives of each other widows, and the mothers childless, and cause them to weep rivers of tears, amounting to an important quantity of "water-privilege." The bowl of wrath, the devil's punch-bowl, filled high as possible, share we with one another. This, with shot and bayonets, will be good in your insides and in my inside, in the insides of all of us brethren.

Oh, how good it is! oh, how pleasant it is, for brethren to engage in internecine strife! What a glorious spectacle we Christian Anglo-Saxons, engaged in the work of mutual destruction, in the reciprocation of savage outrages, shall present to the despots and the fiends!

How many dollars will you spend? How many pounds sterling shall we? How much capital we shall sink on either side, on land as well as in the sea! How much we shall have to show for it in corpses and wooden legs! Never ask what other return we may

expect for the investment. So, then, American kinsmen, let us fight; let us murder and ruin each other. Let demagogues come hot from their conclave of evil spirits, "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war," and do you be mad enough to be those mad dogs, and permit yourselves to be hounded upon us by them.

TO AMERICA

On a proposed alliance between two great nations

ALFRED AUSTIN

WHAT is the voice I hear

On the winds of the western sea?

Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear

And say what the voice may be.

'Tis a proud free people calling loud to a people
proud and free.

And it says to them: "Kinsmen, hail;

We severed have been too long.

Now let us have done with a worn-out tale —

The tale of ancient wrong —

And our friendship last long as our love doth last, and
be stronger than death is strong."

Answer them, sons of the self-same race,

And blood of the self-same clan;

Let us speak with each other face to face

And answer as man to man,

And loyally love and trust each other as none but free
men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, Thistle, and Rose,
And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these —
A message to friends and foes
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and wherever
the war wind blows —

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For whenever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
And his menace be void and vain,
For you are lords of a strong land and we are lords of
the main.

Yes, this is the voice of the bluff March gale;
We severed have been too long,
But now we have done with a worn-out tale —
The tale of an ancient wrong —
And our friendship shall last as love doth last and be
stronger than death is strong.

AMERICA TO ENGLAND

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

MOTHER of nations, of them eldest we,
Well is it found, and happy for the state,
When that which makes men proud first makes them
great,
And such our fortune is who sprang from thee,
And brought to this new land from over sea

The faith that can with every household mate,
And freedom whereof law is magistrate,
And thoughts that make men brave, and leave them
free.

O Mother of our faith, our law, our lore,
What shall we answer thee if thou shouldst ask
How this fair birthright doth in us increase?
There is no home but Christ is at the door;
Freely our toiling millions choose life's task;
Justice we love, and next to justice peace.

BRITONS AND GUESTS

EDITH M. THOMAS

WE fought you once — but that was long ago!
We fought you once, O Briton hearts of oak;
Away from you — from parent stock — we broke.
Be glad we did! Because from every blow
We hurled in that old day a force did grow
That now shall stead you, level stroke by stroke —
So Heaven help us, who but late awoke,
The charge upon our common race to know!

And we will stand with you, the world to save —
To make it safe for Freedom (as we free have been).
Have you not seen our mutual banners wave
As one upon the wind — a sight most brave! . . .
We once did fight you — ev'n as next of kin
May cleave apart, at end to closer win!

PRINCETON, MAY, 1917

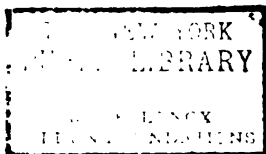
ALFRED NOYES

*Here Freedom stood, by slaughtered friend and foe,
And, ere the wrath paled or that sunset died,
Looked through the ages; then, with eyes aglow,
Laid them, to wait that future, side by side.*

*Lines for a monument to the American and British
soldiers of the Revolutionary War who fell on the
Princeton battlefield and were buried in one grave.*

Now lamp-lit gardens in the blue dusk shine
Through dogwood, red and white;
And round the gray quadrangles, line by line,
The windows fill with light,
Where Princeton calls to Magdalen, tower to tower,
Twin lanthorns of the law;
And those cream-white magnolia boughs embower
The halls of "Old Nassau."

The dark bronze tigers crouch on either side
Where redcoats used to pass;
And round the bird-loved house where Mercer died,
And violets dusk the grass,
By Stony Brook that ran so red of old,
But sings of friendship now,
To feed the old enemy's harvest fifty-fold
The green earth takes the plow.



To hear your bells, O beautiful Princeton towers,
Ring for the world's release.
They see you, piercing like gray swords through flowers,
And smile from hearts at peace.

PATRIA

VICTOR HUGO

Who smiles there? Is it
A stray spirit,
Or woman fair?
Sombre yet soft the brow!
Bow, nations, bow;
O soul in air,
Speak — what are thou?

In grief the fair face seems —
What means those sudden gleams?
Our antique pride from dreams
Starts up, and beams
Its conquering glance, —
To make our sad hearts dance,
And wake in woods hushed long
The wild bird's song.
Angel of Day!
Our Hope, Love, Stay,
Thy countenance
Lights land and sea
Eternally,
Thy name is France
Or Verity.

Fair angel in thy glass
When vile things move or pass,
Clouds in the sky amass;
Terrible, alas!
Thy stern commands are then:
"Form your battalions, men,
The flag display!"
And all obey.
Angel of might
Sent kings to smite,
The words in dark skies glance,
 "Mené, Mené," hiss
 Bolts that never miss!
Thy name is France,
 Or Nemesis.

As halcyons in May,
O nations, in his ray
Float and bask for aye,
Nor know decay!
One arm upraised to heaven
Seals the past forgiven;
One holds a sword
To quell hell's horde,
Angel of God!
Thy wings stretch broad
As heaven's expanse!
 To shield and free
 Humanity!
Thy name is France,
 Or Liberty!

VIVE LA FRANCE

*A sentiment offered at the dinner to H. I. H. the Prince
Napoleon at the Revere House, September 25, 1861*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE land of sunshine and of song!
Her name your hearts divine;
To her the banquet's vows belong
Whose breasts have poured its wine;
Our trusty friend, our true ally
Through varied change and chance:
So, fill your flashing goblets high, —
I give you, *Vive la France!*

Above our hosts in triple folds
The selfsame colors spread,
Where Valor's faithful arm upholds
The blue, the white, the red;
Alike each nation's glittering crest
Reflects the morning's glance, —
Twin eagles, soaring east and west:
Once more, then, *Vive la France!*

Sister in trial! who shall count
Thy generous friendship's claim,
Whose blood ran mingling in the fount
That gave our land its name,
Till Yorktown saw in blended line
Our conquering arms advance,
And victory's double garlands twine
Our banners? *Vive la France!*

O land of heroes! in our need
One gift from Heaven we crave
To stanch these wounds that vainly bleed, —
The wise to lead the brave!
Call back one Captain of thy past
From glory's marble trance,
Whose name shall be a bugle-blast
To rouse us! *Vive la France!*

Pluck Condé's baton from the trench,
Wake up stout Charles Martel,
Or find some woman's hand to clench
The sword of La Pucelle!
Give us one hour of old Turenne, —
One lift of Bayard's lance, —
Nay, call Marengo's Chief again
To lead us! *Vive la France!*

Ah, hush! our welcome Guest shall hear
But sounds of peace and joy;
No angry echo vex thine ear,
Fair Daughter of Savoy!
Once more! the land of arms and arts,
Of glory, grace, romance;
Her love lies warm in all our hearts:
God bless her! *Vive la France!*

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE land, that, from the rule of kings,
In freeing us, itself made free,

Our Old World Sister, to us brings
Her sculptured Dream of Liberty:

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands
Uplifted by the toil-worn slave,
On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful! to thee
Once more a debt of love we owe:
In peace beneath thy Colors Three,
We hail a later Rochambeau!

Rise, stately Symbol! holding forth
Thy light and hope to all who sit
In chains and darkness! Belt the earth
With watch-fires from thy torch uplit!

Reveal the primal mandate still
Which Chaos heard and ceased to be,
Trace on mid-air th' Eternal Will
In signs of fire: "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light
To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,
A lightning-flash the wretch to smite
Who shields his license with thy name!

LILLE, LAON, AND ST. DIE

JOHN H. FINLEY

I

Lille, Laon and St. Dié!

What memories, from far away,
When happy France was wont to be
Weaving her peaceful tapestry
And singing by her clacking loom
Amid her gardens all a-bloom —
What memories, from far away,
Of France's joyous yesterday
Rise through the dimming mists of years,
The smoke of battle and the tears
Of those who daily look across
The furrowed, crimsoned fields of loss,
Ploughed all the trenched and barbed way,
From Lille to Laon and St. Dié.

II

Lille!

Long, long ago I was in Lille; —
E'en then a veil did half conceal
Her face, but not the fleecy rack
Of clouds upon the shrieking track
Of shell and shrapnel bearing death;
It was the sweet sea-vapor's breath
Encircling her as if in fear

I'd see the living Tête de Cire
And ne'er contented be elsewhere
In this then peaceful world. 'Twas there
They made for me a regal feast;
But now we here who have the least
Have more than they who had the most
And played so gallantly the host.
And so, as my own prayer is said:
"Give us this day our daily bread,"
For those who hunger, too, I pray
In Lille and Laon and St. Dié.

III

Laon!

I climbed to Laon above the plain
Where now the Teuton battle-stain
Colors the crag, to find the spot
Where he was born who left his lot
Of luxury to bear Christ's name
And His meek gospel to proclaim
To savages that fought with dart
And tomahawk, but knew no art
To match the red atrocity
That now holds Laon, in blasphemy
Of that same Father of us all.
Would Père Marquette would come and call
These heathen to repentance ere
The *strafe* and *krieg* and answ'ring *guerre*
Shall make the whole wide world a hell! —
But if he cannot, we who dwell
In this free land whose mightiest flood

He found, will give our mingled blood
To wash that brutish stain away
From Lille and Laon and St. Dié.

IV

And St. Dié!
Dear is this village of the Vosges
List'ning afar the Marne's *éloge*,
And to herself repeating o'er
The word she whisp'ring spoke before
All others in the world — a word
That all the planet since has heard —
"America!" Here was the spring
Of our loved country's christening;
Here in this cloistered scholar's haunt
Was our New World baptismal font
Now scarred and blackened by the guns
Of Europe's scientific Huns.
America, from that same bowl
Thou'lt be baptized anew in soul;
But not by water, by the fire
Of thine own sacrosanct desire
For right, flashing in carmine spray
From Lille to Laon and St. Dié.

V

Lille, Laon and St. Dié!
Our battle front, as theirs to-day
Who fight for France, all unafraid

Of death, weary but undismayed,
To help push back the green-gray line
That it may never leave the Rhine
Again to menace all the good
Of long-dreamed human brotherhood.
Here shall our France-befriended land
Take now its sacrificial stand;
Fight for a free humanity,
Conquer this *welt* insanity
And our great debt to France repay
At Lille, and Laon and St. Dié.

THE NAME OF FRANCE¹

HENRY VAN DYKE

GIVE us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art, —
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right, —
A name like a star, a name of light.

I give you *France!*

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood,
At the touch of a courage that knows not fear, —

¹ From "The Red Flower"; copyright 1916, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march, and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong, —
A name that rings like a battle-song.

I give you *France!*

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword, —
A name that calls on the world to share
In the burden of sacrificial strife
Where the cause at stake is the world's free life
And the rule of the people everywhere, —
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.

I give you *France!*

THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE

*Part of address delivered at a joint session of the
two Houses of Congress, January 8, 1918*

WOODROW WILSON

It will be our wish and purpose that the processes of peace, when they are begun, shall be absolutely open and that they shall involve and permit henceforth no secret understandings of any kind. The day of conquest and aggrandizement is gone by; so is also the day of

secret covenants entered into in the interest of particular governments and likely at some unlooked-for moment to upset the peace of the world. It is this happy fact, now clear to the view of every public man whose thoughts do not still linger in an age that is dead and gone, which makes it possible for every nation whose purposes are consistent with justice and the peace of the world to avow now or at any other time the objects it has in view.

We entered this war because violations of right had occurred which touched us to the quick and made the life of our own people impossible unless they were corrected and the world secured once for all against their recurrence. What we demand in this war, therefore, is nothing peculiar to ourselves. It is that the world be made fit and safe to live in; and particularly that it be made safe for every peace-loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by the other peoples of the world as against force and selfish aggression. All the peoples of the world are in effect partners in this interest, and for our own part we see very clearly that unless justice be done to others it will not be done to us. The program of the world's peace, therefore, is our program; and that program, the only possible program, as we see it, is this:

I. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

II. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas,

outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

III. The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

IV. Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

V. A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined.

VI. The evacuation of all Russian territory and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest coöperation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy and assure her of a sincere welcome into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing; and, more than a welcome, assistance also of every kind that she may need and may herself desire. The treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehension of her needs as distin-

guished from their own interests, and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy.

VII. Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored, without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all other free nations. No other single act will serve as this will serve to restore confidence among the nations in the laws which they have themselves set and determined for the government of their relations with one another. Without this healing act the whole structure and validity of international law is forever impaired.

VIII. All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored, and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all.

IX. A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.

X. The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development.

XI. Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro should be evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia accorded free and secure access to the sea; and the relations of the several Balkan States to one another determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality; and

international guarantees of the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan States should be entered into.

XII. The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guarantees.

XIII. An independent Polish state should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea, and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.

XIV. A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike.

In regard to these essential rectifications of wrong and assertions of right we feel ourselves to be intimate partners of all the governments and peoples associated together against the Imperialists. We cannot be separated in interest, or divided in purpose. We stand together until the end.

For such arrangements and covenants we are willing to fight and to continue to fight until they are achieved; but only because we wish the right to prevail and

desire a just and stable peace such as can be secured only by removing the chief provocations to war, which this program does remove. We have no jealousy of German greatness, and there is nothing in this program that impairs it. We grudge her no achievement or distinction of learning or of pacific enterprise such as have made her record very bright and very enviable. We do not wish to injure her or to block in any way her legitimate influence or power. We do not wish to fight her either with arms or with hostile arrangements of trade if she is willing to associate herself with us and the other peace-loving nations of the world in covenants of justice and law and fair dealing. We wish her only to accept a place of equality among the peoples of the world,—the new world in which we now live, — instead of a place of mastery.

Neither do we presume to suggest to her any alteration or modification of her institutions. But it is necessary, we must frankly say, and necessary as a preliminary to any intelligent dealings with her on our part, that we should know whom her spokesmen speak for when they speak to us, whether for the Reichstag majority or for the military party and the men whose creed is imperial domination.

We have spoken now, surely, in terms too concrete to admit of any further doubt or question. An evident principle runs through the whole program I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak. Unless this principle be made its foun-

dition no part of the structure of international justice can stand. The people of the United States could act upon no other principle; and to the vindication of this principle they are ready to devote their lives, their honor, and everything that they possess. The moral climax of this the culminating and final war for human liberty has come, and they are ready to put their own strength, their own highest purpose, their own integrity and devotion to the test.

THE UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC

VICTOR HUGO

O vision of the coming time!
When man has 'scaped the trackless slime
And reached the desert spring;
When sands are crossed, the sward invites
The worn to rest 'mid rare delights
And gratefully to sing.

E'en now the eye that's leveled high,
Though dimly, can the hope espy
So solid soon, one day;
For every chain must then be broke,
And hatred none will dare evoke,
And June shall scatter May.

E'en now amid our misery
The germ of Union many see,
And through the hedge of thorn,

Like to a bee that dawn awakes,
On, Progress strides o'er shattered stakes,
With solemn scathing scorn.

Behold the blackness shrink, and flee!
Behold the world rise up so free
Of coroneted things!
Whilst o'er the distant youthful States,
Like Amazonian bosom-plates,
Spread Freedom's shielding wings.

Ye, liberated lands, we hail!
Your sails are whole despite the gale!
Your masts are firm, and will not fail —
The triumph follows pain!
Hear forges roar! the hammer clanks —
It beats the time to nations' thanks —
At last, a *peaceful* strain!

'Tis rust, not gore, that gnaws the guns,
And shattered shells are but the runs
Where warring insects cope;
And all the headsman's racks and blades
And pincers, tools of tyrants' aids,
Are buried with the rope.

Upon the skyline glows i' the dark
The Sun that now is but a spark;
But soon will be unfurled —
The glorious banner of us all,
The flag that rises ne'er to fall,
Republic of the World!

TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ROBERT BRIDGES

BROTHERS in blood! They who this wrong began
To wreck our commonwealth, will rue the day
When first they challenged freemen to the fray,
And with the Briton dared the American.
Now are we pledged to win the Rights of man;
Labor and Justice now shall have their way,
And in a League of Peace — God grant we may —
Transform the earth, not patch up the old plan.

Sure is our hope since he who led your nation
Spake for mankind, and ye arose in awe
Of that high call to work the world's salvation;
Clearing your minds of all estranging blindness
In the vision of Beauty and the Spirit's law,
Freedom and Honor and sweet Loving-kindness.

THE WORLD PEACE

Extract from Joan and Peter

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS

THIS League of Free Nations, of which all men are dreaming and talking, this World Republic, is the re-discovered outline, the proper teaching of all real education, the necessary outline now of human life. There is nothing else to do, nothing else that people of our sort can do at all, nothing but baseness, grossness, vile-

ness, and slavery unless we live now as a part of that process of a world peace. Our lives have got to be political lives. All lives have to be made political lives. We can't run about *loose* any more. This idea of a world-wide commonwealth, this ideal of an everlasting world-peace in which we are to live and move and have our being, has to be built up in every school, in every mind, in every lesson. "You belong. You belong. And the world belongs to you."

What ought one to teach when one teaches geography, for instance, but the common estate of mankind? Here, the teacher should say, are mountains and beautiful cities you may live to see. Here are plains where we might grow half the food of mankind! Here are the highways of our common life, and here are pleasant byways where you may go! All this is your inheritance. Your estate. To rejoice in — and serve. . . .

Then what is history but a long struggle of men to find peace and safety, and how they have been prevented by baseness and greed and folly? Is that right? No, folly and baseness — and hate. Hate certainly. All history is one dramatic story of man blundering his way from the lonely ape to the world commonwealth. All history is each man's adventure. . . .

What is the teaching of a language again but teaching the knowledge of another people — an exposition of the soul of another people — a work of union? But you see what I mean by all this: this idea of a great world of coöperating peoples; it is not just a diplomatic scheme, not something far off that Foreign Offices are doing; it is an idea that must revolutionize the lessons

of a child in the nursery and alter the maps upon every schoolroom wall. And frame our lives altogether. Or be nothing. The World Peace. To that we all belong. I have a fancy — as though this idea had been hovering over the world, unsubstantial, unable to exist — until all this blood-letting, this torment and disaster gave it a body. . . .

We want universities all round and about the world, associated, working to a common end, drawing together all the best minds and the finest wills, a myriad of multi-colored threads, into one common web of a world civilization.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Address in New York, September 27, 1918.

WOODROW WILSON

At every turn of the war we gain a fresh consciousness of what we mean to accomplish by it. When our hope and expectation are most excited we think more definitely than before of the issues that hang upon it and of the purposes which must be realized by means of it. For it has positive and well-defined purposes which we did not determine and which we cannot alter. No statesman or assembly created them; no statesman or assembly can alter them. They have arisen out of the very nature and circumstances of the war. The most that statesmen or assemblies can do is to carry them out or be false to them. They were perhaps not clear at the outset; but they are clear now.

The war has lasted more than four years and the whole world has been drawn into it. The common will of mankind has been substituted for the particular purposes of individual states. Individual statesmen may have started the conflict, but neither they nor their opponents can stop it as they please. It has become a peoples' war, and peoples of all sorts and races, of every degree of power and variety of fortune are involved in its sweeping processes of change and settlement. We came into it when its character had become fully defined and it was plain that no nation could stand apart or be indifferent to its outcome. Its challenge drove to the heart of everything we cared for and lived for. The voice of the war had become clear and gripped our hearts. Our brothers from many lands, as well as our own murdered dead under the sea, were calling to us, and we responded, fiercely and of course.

The air was clear about us. We saw things in their full, convincing proportions as they were; and we have seen them with steady eyes and unchanging comprehension ever since. We accepted the issues of the war as facts, not as any group of men either here or elsewhere had defined them, and we can accept no outcome which does not squarely meet and settle them. Those issues are these:

Shall the military power of any nation or group of nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of peoples over whom they have no right to rule except the right of force?

Shall strong nations be free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their purpose and interest?

Shall peoples be ruled and dominated, even in their own internal affairs, by arbitrary and irresponsible force or by their own will and choice?

Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress?

Shall the assertion of right be haphazard and by casual alliance or shall there be a common concert to oblige the observance of common rights?

No man, no group of men, chose these to be the issues of the struggle. They *are* the issues of it; and they must be settled — by no arrangement or compromise or adjustment of interests, but definitely and once for all, and with a full and unequivocal acceptance of the principle that the interest of the weakest is as sacred as the interest of the strongest.

This is what we mean when we speak of a permanent peace, if we speak sincerely, intelligently and with a real knowledge and comprehension of the matter we deal with.

We are all agreed that there can be no peace obtained by any kind of bargain or compromise with the governments of the Central Empires, because we have dealt with them already and have seen them deal with other governments that were parties to this struggle, at Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest. They have convinced us that they are without honor and do not intend justice. They observe no covenants, accept no principle but force and their own interest. We cannot "come to terms" with them. They have made it impossible. The German people must by this time be fully aware that we can-

not accept the word of those who forced this war upon us. We do not think the same thoughts or speak the same language of agreement.

It is of capital importance that we should also be explicitly agreed that no peace shall be obtained by any kind of compromise or abatement of the principles we have avowed as the principles for which we are fighting. There should exist no doubt about that. I am, therefore, going to take the liberty of speaking with the utmost frankness about the practical implications that are involved in it.

If it be in deed and in truth the common object of the governments associated against Germany and of the nations whom they govern, as I believe it to be, to achieve by the coming settlements a secure and lasting peace, it will be necessary that all who sit down at the peace table shall come ready and willing to pay the price, the only price, that will procure it; and ready and willing, also, to create in some virile fashion the only instrumentality by which it can be made certain that the agreements of the peace will be honored and fulfilled.

That price is impartial justice in every item of the settlement, no matter whose interest is crossed; and not only impartial justice, but also the satisfaction of the several peoples whose fortunes are dealt with. That indispensable instrumentality is a League of Nations formed under covenants that will be efficacious. Without such an instrumentality, by which the peace of the world can be guaranteed, peace will rest in part upon the word of outlaws and only upon that word.

For Germany will have to redeem her character, not by what happens at the peace table, but by what follows.

And, as I see it, the constitution of that League of Nations and the clear definition of its objects must be a part, is in a sense the most essential part, of the peace settlement itself. It cannot be formed now. If formed now, it would be merely a new alliance confined to the nations associated against a common enemy. It is not likely that it could be formed after the settlement. It is necessary to guarantee the peace; and the peace cannot be guaranteed as an afterthought. The reason, to speak in plain terms again, why it must be guaranteed is that there will be parties to the peace whose promises have proved untrustworthy, and means must be found in connection with the peace settlement itself to remove that source of insecurity. It would be folly to leave the guarantee to the subsequent voluntary action of the governments we have seen destroy Russia and deceive Rumania.

But these general terms do not disclose the whole matter. Some details are needed to make them sound less like a thesis and more like a practical program. These, then, are some of the particulars, and I state them with the greater confidence because I can state them authoritatively as representing this government's interpretation of its own duty with regard to peace:

First, the impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. It must be a justice that plays no favorites and knows

no standard but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned.

Second, no special or separate interest of any single nation or any group of nations can be made the basis of any part of the settlement which is not consistent with the common interest of all.

Third, there can be no leagues or alliances or special covenants and understandings within the general and common family of the League of Nations.

Fourth, and more specifically, there can be no special, selfish economic combinations within the league and no employment of any form of economic boycott or exclusion except as the power of economic penalty by exclusion from the markets of the world may be vested in the League of Nations itself as a means of discipline and control.

Fifth, all international agreements and treaties of every kind must be made known in their entirety to the rest of the world.

Special alliances and economic rivalries and hostilities have been the prolific source in the modern world of the plans and passions that produce war. It would be an insincere as well as an insecure peace that did not exclude them in definite and binding terms.

The confidence with which I venture to speak for our people in these matters does not spring from our traditions merely and the well-known principles of international action which we have always professed and followed. In the same sentence in which I say that the United States will enter into no special arrangements or understandings with particular nations let me say also

that the United States is prepared to assume its full share of responsibility for the maintenance of the common covenants and understandings upon which peace must henceforth rest. We still read Washington's immortal warning against "entangling alliances" with full comprehension and answering purpose. But only special and limited alliances entangle; and we recognize and accept the duty of a new day in which we are permitted to hope for a general alliance which will avoid entanglements and clear the air of the world for common understandings and the maintenance of common rights. . . .

As I have said, neither I nor any other man in governmental authority created or gave form to the issues of this war. I have simply responded to them with such vision as I could command. But I have responded gladly and with a resolution that has grown warmer and more confident as the issues have grown clearer and clearer. It is now plain that they are issues which no man can pervert unless it be wilfully. I am bound to fight for them, and happy to fight for them as time and circumstance have revealed them to me as to all the world. Our enthusiasm for them grows more and more irresistible as they stand out in more and more vivid and unmistakable outline.

And the forces that fight for them draw into closer and closer array, organize their millions into more and more unconquerable might, as they become more and more distinct to the thought and purpose of the peoples engaged. It is the peculiarity of this great war that while statesmen have seemed to cast about for defini-

tions of their purpose and have sometimes seemed to shift their ground and their point of view, the thought of the mass of men, whom statesmen are supposed to instruct and lead, has grown more and more unclouded, more and more certain of what it is that they are fighting for. National purposes have fallen more and more into the background and the common purpose of enlightened mankind has taken their place. The counsels of plain men have become on all hands more simple and straightforward and more unified than the counsels of sophisticated men of affairs, who still retain the impression that they are playing a game of power and playing for high stakes. That is why I have said that this is a peoples' war, not a statesmen's. Statesmen must follow the clarified common thought or be broken.

I take that to be the significance of the fact that assemblies and associations of many kinds made up of plain workaday people have demanded, almost every time they come together, and are still demanding that the leaders of their governments declare to them plainly what it is, exactly what it is, that they were seeking in this war, and what they think the items of the final settlement should be. They are not yet satisfied with what they have been told. They still seem to fear that they are getting what they ask for only in statesmen's terms — only in the terms of territorial arrangements and divisions of power, and not in terms of broad-
visioned justice and mercy and peace and the satisfaction of those deep-seated longings of oppressed and distracted men and women and enslaved peoples that seem to them the only things worth fighting a war for

that engulfs the world. Perhaps statesmen have not always recognized this changed aspect of the whole world of policy and action. Perhaps they have not always spoken in direct reply to the questions asked because they did not know how searching those questions were and what sort of answers they demanded.

But I, for one, am glad to attempt the answer again and again, in the hope that I may make it clearer and clearer that my one thought is to satisfy those who struggle in the ranks and are, perhaps, above all others, entitled to a reply whose meaning no one can have any excuse for misunderstanding, if he understands the language in which it is spoken or can get some one to translate it correctly into his own. . . .

Unity of purpose and of counsel are as imperatively necessary in this war as was unity of command in the battlefield; and with perfect unity of purpose and counsel will come assurance of complete victory. It can be had in no other way. "Peace drives" can be effectively neutralized and silenced only by showing that every victory of the nations associated against Germany brings the nations nearer the sort of peace which will bring security and reassurance to all peoples and make the recurrence of another such struggle of pitiless force and bloodshed forever impossible, and that nothing else can. Germany is constantly intimating the "terms" she will accept and always finds that the world does not want terms. It wishes the final triumph of justice and fair dealing.

THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD

Extract from The Pilgrims

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

Woven into the wonderful fabric we know as our land
Numberless varying threads have come to the great
Weaver's hand.

All have their part in enlacing the pattern and blending the hues;

Infinite Wisdom alone has the knowledge the texture to choose.

Richer because of the contrast, though Time shall ripen and soften

Crude inharmonious warp and woof, shall unravel and often

Seemingly start anew with a different, finer design,
So shall the vast web grow and serve for its purpose divine.

Since we have drawn from the whole wide world and made as our own

Millions of noble men who into our substance have grown,

Surely then must we be forever at peace with the world;

Banners of war must not wave, the threat of defiance not hurled!

All of the kingdoms of earth as one great sisterhood stand;

Good or evil for one affects the rest of the band.

Much as we love our country far more should our
deepest elation
Stir in the heart at the splendid dream of the World's
Federation —
Dream that is sure to come true, though it may not
dawn in our day.
Prejudice, slowly, and hatred and jealousy vanish
away.

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All the world is one and all men are brothers in heart,
Loving the same ideals, thrilled by the marvels of art,
Worshipping all the same Father, though under a different name,
Varying only in trifles, but all in essentials the same.
Barrier space and slow-crawling Time are conquered
by Science,
Steam and the wingèd Lightning have knit all the
realms in alliance;
Loss of wealth in the West is felt in the marts of the
East;
Freedom of travel and traffic has ever man's profit
increased;
Famine, Pestilence, War, though confined to one zone,
threaten all;
All of the nations prosper if one rise, droop if one fall.

Let us be true to our home, to our town, to our state,
to our land,
Humble in all success, unspoiled by our heritage grand,
Yet to the whole wide world extend the brotherly
hand!

NATIONAL SONGS OF OTHER LANDS

The song that nerves a nation's heart
Is in itself a deed.

TENNYSON

NATIONAL SONGS OF OTHER LANDS

GOD SAVE THE KING

HENRY CAREY (?)

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
 God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
 God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hearts we fix,
 God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King!

RULE, BRITANNIA

Song from masque of Alfred

JAMES THOMSON

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:

"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves!"

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, etc.,

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, etc.,

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, etc.,

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles, thine.
Rule, Britannia, etc.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, etc.

SCOTS, WHA HAE

ROBERT BURNS

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victorie.
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle low'r;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn, and flee!

PEACE AND PATRIOTISM

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they *shall* be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

LA MARSEILLAISE

CLAUDE JOSEPH ROUGET DE LISLE

YE sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grand-sires hoary;
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land
While peace and liberty lie bleeding!

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved,
To victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is scowling
Which treacherous Kings, confederate, raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruining?
To arms, etc.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insensate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air;
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, etc.

Oh, Liberty, can man resign thee!
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeon, bars and bolts confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, etc.

HYMN TO LIBERTY

DIONYSIUS SALOMOS

Yes! I know thee by the lightning
Of thy tyrant-slaying glaive,
By thine awful glances bright'ning
As thou gazest on the brave.

Kindle from our country's ashes,
Liberty! thy sacred fire.
Many a *Spartan* sabre clashes;
Breathe on one *Tyrtæan* lyre.

Thou wert groveling in the dust.
Humbled by thy bitter doom;
Heaven was still thine only trust —
Heaven has uttered, "Quit the tomb!"

Brooding o'er our hills and plains,
Silence watch'd the thunder near;
Every arm was cramp'd by chains,
Every heart was chill'd by fear.

Now thy sons, defying danger,
Strike beneath their native sky,
And distrusting every stranger,
Swear to free *themselves*, or die.

Seven young sisters from the main,
Raised on high applauding hands,
Though protection's treacherous chain
Bound them still in flowery bands.

Woe to those who meet the glaive
Grasp'd by Freedom's fearless hand,
And infatuated brave
Græcia's roused and patriot band.

GARIBALDI'S WAR HYMN

LUIGI MERCANTINI

COME, arm ye! Come, arm ye!
From vineyards of olives, from grape-mantled bowers,
Where landscapes are laughing in mazes of flowers;
From mountains all lighted by sapphire and amber,
From cities of marble, from temples and marts,
Arise, all ye valiants! your manhood proclaiming,
Whilst thunders are meeting, and sabres are flaming,
For honor, for glory, the bugles are sounding,
To quicken your pulses, and gladden your hearts.

Then hurl our fierce foeman far from us forever,
The Day is dawning, the Day is dawning,
Which shall be our own!

Too long cruel tyrants have trampled us under,
The chains they have forged us are riven asunder:
The Scions of Italy rise in defiance,
Her flag nobly flutters where breezes are kind:
To landward and seaward, the Foe shall be broken,
Where Heroes have gathered, where Martyrs have
spoken,
And Italy's Throne shall be rooted in Freedom,
Whilst Monarch and people are all of one mind:
Then hurl our fierce foeman, etc.

LA BRABANÇONNE

LOUIS DECHEZ

THE years of slavery are past,
The Belgian rejoices once more;
Courage restores to him at last
The rights he held of yore!
Strong and firm his clasp will be,
Keeping the ancient flag unfurl'd
To fling its message on the watchful world:
For King, for Right, and Liberty!

For thee, dear country, cherished motherland,
Our songs and our valor we give;
Never from thee our hearts are banned,
For thee alone we live!
And thy years shall glorious be,
Circled in Unity's embrace,
Thy sons shall cherish thee in ev'ry place
For King, for Right, and Liberty.

SERBIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

God! Who in by-gones hast saved us thy people,
Great King of Justice, hear us this day:
While for our country, for Serbia's salvation,
We with devotion unceasingly pray.
Onward! onward
Lead us ever,
Out of shadow into light,

Till our ship of state be anchored
Thro' the mercy of Thy might:
Till our foes be spent and scatter'd
In the fullness of the Light,
Serbia's king, and Serbia's land,
Guard forevermore.

HYMN OF FREE RUSSIA

KONSTANTIN BALMONT

YOUNG Russia, hail, victorious!
All praise we chant to thee.
Amid the nations, glorious
Thou standest, proud and free.

No tyrant shall enslave thee,
Thy sun arises bright!
All hail to those who gave thee
New Freedom's sacred light!

Young Russia, hail, victorious!
All praise we chant to thee.
Amid the nations, glorious
Thou standest, proud and free.

A song of countless voices
Resounds from shore to shore,
The Russian folk rejoices
With Freedom evermore!

Young Russia, hail, victorious!
All praise we chant to thee.
Amid the nations, glorious
Thou standest, proud and free.

SERVICE

And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

LOWELL

Yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War.

MILTON

Not ignoble are the days of peace, not without courage and laureled
victories.

GILDER

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate.

LOWELL

Small service is true service while it lasts.

WORDSWORTH

Whoso through life kept priestly honor pure,
Or found new arts and made the world more fair,
They whose good service made their memory loved,
These all are crowned with wreaths of snowy wool.

VIRGIL

SERVICE

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

ALFRED TENNYSON

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE

SIR WILLIAM JONES

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride,
No: — men, high-minded men
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude, —
Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
— It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power

Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable — because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
— 'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
— Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,

A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
— He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love: —
'Tis finally, the Man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity, —
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not —
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth

Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name —
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

ELBERT HUBBARD

IN all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his coöperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared

into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia — are things I have no special desire to tell in detail now. The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college in the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this or that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ that will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing — "Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise wherein many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man — the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless, by hook or crook or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

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Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply, can neither spell nor punctuate — and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper?" said a foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up-town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizens of the sweat-shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on.

No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer — but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best — those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders; and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working-hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds — the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it; nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know

there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but delivering it; who never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. His kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town and village — in every office, shop, store and factory.

The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly — the man who can carry A Message to Garcia.

STRADIVARIUS

GEORGE ELIOT

Your soul was lifted by the wings to-day
Hearing the master of the violin:
You praised him, praised the great Sebastian too
Who made that fine Chaconne; but did you think
Of old Antonio Stradivari? — him
Who a good century and half ago

Put his true work in that brown instrument
And by the nice adjustment of its frame
Gave it responsive life, continuous
With the master's finger-tips and perfected
Like them by delicate rectitude of use.
Not Bach alone, helped by fine precedent
Of genius gone before, nor Joachim
Who holds the strain afresh incorporate
By inward hearing and notation strict
Of nerve and muscle, made our joy to-day:
Another soul was living in the air
And swaying it to true deliverance
Of high invention and responsive skill: —
That plain white-aproned man who stood at work
Patient and accurate full fourscore years,
Cherished his sight and touch by temperance,
And since keen sense is love of perfectness
Made perfect violins, the needed paths
For inspiration and high mastery.

No simpler man than he: he never cried,
"Why was I born to this monotonous task
Of making violins?" or flung them down
To suit with hurling act a well-hurled curse
At labor on such perishable stuff.
Hence neighbors in Cremona held him dull,
Called him a slave, a mill-horse, a machine,
Begged him to tell his motives or to lend
A few gold pieces to a loftier mind.
Yet he had pithy words full fed by fact;
For Fact, well-trusted, reasons and persuades,

Is gnomic, cutting, or ironical,
Draws tears, or is a tocsin to arouse —
Can hold all figures of the orator
In one plain sentence; has her pauses too —
Eloquent silence at the chasm abrupt
Where knowledge ceases. Thus Antonio
Made answers as Fact willed, and made them strong.

Naldo, a painter of eclectic school,
Taking his dicers, candlelight and grins
From Caravaggio, and in holier groups
Combining Flemish flesh with martyrdom —
Knowing all tricks of style at thirty-one,
And weary of them, while Antonio
At sixty-nine wrought placidly his best
Making the violin you heard to-day —
Naldo would tease him oft to tell his aims.
“ Perhaps thou hast some pleasant vice to feed
The love of louis d’ors in heaps of four,
Each violin a heap — I’ve nought to blame;
My vices waste such heaps. But then, why work
With painful nicety? Since fame once earned
By luck or merit — oftenest by luck —
(Else why do I put Bonifazio’s name
To work that *‘pinxit Naldo’* would not sell?)
Is welcome index to the wealthy mob
Where they should pay their gold, and where they pay
There they find merit — take your tow for flax,
And hold the flax unlabelled with your name,
Too coarse for sufferance.”

Antonio then:

"I like the gold — well, yes — but not for meals.
And as my stomach, so my eye and hand,
And inward sense that works alone with both,
Have hunger that can never feed on coin.
Who draws a line and satisfies his soul,
Making it crooked where it should be straight?
An idiot with an oyster-shell may draw
His lines along the sand, all wavering,
Fixing no point or pathway to a point;
An idiot one remove may choose his line,
Straggle and be content; but God be praised,
Antonio Stradivari has an eye
That winces at false work and loves the true,
With hand and arm that play upon the tool
As willingly as any singing bird
Sets him to sing his morning roundelay,
Because he likes to sing and likes the song."

Then Naldo: "'Tis a petty kind of fame
At best, that comes of making violins;
And saves no masses, either. Thou wilt go
To purgatory none the less."

But he:

"'Twere purgatory here to make them ill;
And for my fame — when any master holds
'Twixt chin and hand a violin of mine,
He will be glad that Stradivari lived,
Made violins, and made them of the best.
The masters only know whose work is good:
They will choose mine, and while God gives them skill

I give them instruments to play upon,
God choosing me to help Him."

"What! were God
At fault for violins, thou absent?"

"Yes;
He were at fault for Stradivari's work."

"Why, many hold Giuseppe's violins
As good as thine."

"May be: they are different.
His quality declines: he spoils his hand
With over-drinking. But were his the best,
He could not work for two. My work is mine,
And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked
I should rob God — since He is fullest good —
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
I say, not God Himself can make man's best
Without best men to help Him. I am one best
Here in Cremona, using sunlight well
To fashion finest maple till it serves
More cunningly than throats for harmony.
'Tis rare delight: I would not change my skill
To be the Emperor with bungling hands
And lose my work, which comes as natural
As self at waking."

"Thou art little more
Than a deft potter's wheel, Antonio;
Turning out work by mere necessity
And lack of varied function. Higher arts
Subsist on freedom — eccentricity —
Uncounted inspirations — influence

That comes with drinking, gambling, talk turned wild,
Then moody misery and lack of food —
With every dithyrambic fine excess:
These make at last a storm which flashes out
In lightning revelations. Steady work
Turns genius to a loom; the soul must lie
Like grapes beneath the sun till ripeness comes
And mellow vintage. I could paint you now
The finest Crucifixion; yesternight
Returning home I saw it on a sky
Blue-black, thick-starred. I want two louis d'ors
To buy the canvas and the costly blues —
Trust me a fortnight."

"Where are those last two
I lent thee for thy Judith? — her thou saw'st
In saffron gown, with Holofernes' head
And beauty all complete?"

"She is but sketched:
I lack the proper model — and the mood.
A great idea is an eagle's egg,
Craves time for hatching; while the eagle sits
Feed her."

"If thou wilt call thy pictures eggs
I call the hatching, Work. 'Tis God gives skill,
But not without men's hands: He could not make
Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio. Get thee to thy easel."

VOLUNTARY SERVICE

Extract from Paradise Lost

JOHN MILTON

SON of Heaven and Earth,
Attend! That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution given thee; be advised.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee; but to persevere
He left it in thy power — ordained thy will
By nature free, not over-ruled by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity.
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated. Such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts not free be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself, and all the Angelic Host, that stand
In sight of God enthroned, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds.
On other surety none; freely we serve
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall.

SERVICE

p. 257-672
an. missing 273

And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

WANTED

J. G. HOLLAND

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor, — men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,

And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty, and in private thinking:
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds, —
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

THE NEED OF THE HOUR

EDWIN MARKHAM

FLING forth the triple-colored flag to dare
The bright, untraveled highways of the air.
Blow the undaunted bugles, blow, and yet
Let not the boast betray us to forget.

Lo, there are high adventures for this hour —
Tourney to test the sinews of our power.
For we must parry — as the years increase —
The hazards of success, the risks of peace!

What do we need to keep the nation whole,
To guard the pillars of the State? We need
The fine audacities of honest deed;
The homely old integrities of soul;
The swift temerities that take the part
Of outcast right — the wisdom of the heart;
Brave hopes that Mammon never can detain,
Nor sully with his gainless clutch for gain.

We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
The common burden and the public trust
To be a thing as sacred and august
As the white vigil where the angels kneel.
We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God.

PEACE

PRESTON WILLIAM SLOSSON

TRANSMUTE the ancient valor of arrow, pike and sword,
The virtues which the weary march and the battlefield
afford;
Courage and faith reblazon for the needful work of
peace,

The common tasks that still remain altho all warfare
cease,
And the daily toll of vigilance demanded by the Lord.

Peace among sons of Adam; ally ye, all good folk;
Revolt in a common effort against a common yoke.
War to the hilt with nature, conquer from cloud to
soil;
Air and ocean before you lie vanquished by common
toil.
Win freedom as ye did from men by stubborn stroke on
stroke.

But none may strive with nature with sword-blades
torn by rust,
And defeat awaits the army dissevered by mistrust,
First must we cleanse the nation of greed and hate-
born lies,
And forego unequal favor as a willing sacrifice.
O God! above all blessings, make Thou our country
just!

A VISION OF PEACE

WALLACE RICE

FITLY one dies for his country, sweet is the death she
bestows;
Glad is the red field of battle, gayly the bright trumpet
blows;
Forth as a bride to her bridegroom Death to the warrior
goes.

Bitter the long life of duty, seeking nor laurel nor bay,
Striving with foes of the Nation grasping her honor as
prey,
Glanced at askance by his fellows, walking the long,
narrow way.

Gallant the charge and the onslaught, cheering to-
gether to go;
Silent and lonely the warfare 'gainst an insidious foe:
Glory and death are the soldier's; hatred and life oth-
ers know.

Fighting America's battles whether by land or by sea,
Who could be less than a hero under that flag of the
Free?
Read of, and cherish, and love them — such are the men
all would be.

Treason is death in the army, death's for the enemy's
spy:
Think you no André nor Arnold dwells within sight of
your eye?
Perfidy to great ideals, that must you strike till you
die!

Vigilance, ceaseless, eternal, ever was Liberty's price:
If you are slaves, 'twas your fathers left you to slavish
device;
Would you make slaves of your children? Sleep for
a time — 't will suffice.

Truth is the right of your country: Lie, and she lies
to your grief;
Honor, and that is your country's: Bribe, and you
bribe her as lief;
Honesty, that is your country's: Thieve, and she, too, is
a thief.

Too much the world thinks on Dives: Harken to Lazarus, too, —
All of his sores are his country's: Heal them if you
would be true —
Heal them, or share an infection you and your children
must rue.

Never was minted a dollar equal in worth to a tear,
Never success worth the having gained through another
soul's fear:
Smiles mark the highway to triumph when a man's
title is clear.

Still at the eye of the needle Selfishness struggles his
fill.
No man may serve God and Mammon: Love — Love
alone — is God's will.
Scourged were the changers of money — Greed stands
the root of all ill.

No end can justify evil: Piety, Culture, and State
Stand as accursèd forever, else on Jehovah must wait:
Think you for "civilization" God will His Justice
abate?

Dear is the thought of the Nation; dearer is Freedom
to me;

Dearest of all through the ages, Truth, that alone
makes us free:

Verity, Liberty, Country, grant us their union to see!

Plant high the Cross on the hilltop, thither in humble-
ness strive!

Offer no children to Mammon — luxury lets no man
thrive;

Feed not our bravest to Moloch — must the unfittest
survive?

Ever is war deed for savage, born of the ancestral taint.
Slay? So do beasts that shall perish: Where is Man's
God-like restraint?

Leave them their teeth and their talons; leave him the
fight of the Saint!

Brave are the victors in combat; brave were the con-
quered as well.

Valor sits close by the dying; valor the living, too,
spell.

Courage far finer than carnage Peace, serene, smiling,
can tell.

Beaten our swords into ploughshares, fortresses turned
into schools,

Cavalry tilling the prairie, infantry busy with tools,
Navies deep laden with bounty — thus fair America
rules:

Throughout the breadth of the Union Happiness all
the day long,
Ever a Hope for the nations, everywhere music and
song,
Always our Stars the World's Conscience, Stripes
against tyrants and Wrong.

Day of Good Will, speed your coming! Justice and
Mercy, increase!
Love for the loveless, grow mighty! Hate for the hate-
fullest, cease!
So shall Man win his last battle, led by the Christ Who
is Peace.

SOLDIERS OF PEACE

BAYARD TAYLOR

It is the brave that first forget,
And noble foes that first unite;
Not they who strife and passion whet,
Then slink when comes the need to smite.
'Tis mutual courage that forgives,
And answering honor that outlives
The onset's hour, the battle's day:
The hearts that dare are quick to feel;
The hands that wound are soft to heal;
The blood that dims a hero's steel
His proud tears wash away!

.

'Tis time your bard restrung his harp,
That long hath echoed in its note

The volley's rattle, fierce and sharp,
The thunder-bass of cannon-throat;
That sang of fields where Glory swayed,
But wingless Victory paused, and stayed
To see her only flag unfurled;
That summoned, as a bugle blown;
That challenged, as a trumpet's tone;
That quickened, as a bolt is thrown
From heaven, to shake the world!

Ah! must we then renounce the theme
That first can rouse and best inspire, —
The splendor of the soldier's dream,
The ardor of the patriot's fire?
When each, to sternest duty bowed,
Makes all, as common kindred, proud,
And blots the long reproach of Time, —
When Youth forgets what most is fair,
And Age assumes a nobler care,
And Manhood, as a wave in air,
Heaves high, to fall sublime!

The virtues, poured in lavish flood
To whelm our coarser Self in shame;
The pure infection of the blood
That burned for loftier meed than fame, —
Must these be lost? — or absent now
The song of lip, the light of brow,
Remembering they were doubly ours
And, though we honor both as one,

That strain of blood, in both begun,
Say, lies it buried from the sun,
Beneath memorial flowers?

Not so! — the summit of his deed
Is the true measure of the man,
Though once alone he caught the speed
That every baser aim outran.
What once a moment is, assures
The certainty of what endures,
And thus its sacred law decrees;
So ye, whom battle spared or scarred,
Safe-sheltered now from disregard,
Harken to England's blind old bard:
"Peace hath her victories!"

What once, in fiery test of war,
So proved itself, must ever stand,
To make the land worth living for,
Since others died to save the land! —
Take from their lips the parted breath!
Make Life as glorious as is Death
To them that triumph when they fall.
Still bid the phantom squadrons throng;
Their purpose and their will prolong
To guard the Right, repel the Wrong,
And giving, gain, their all!

Are they but soldiers who enlist
When peril shocks the Nation's heart?
Who leave the maiden's lips unknissed,
Or kiss the wife and child, and part? —

But soldiers then, when calls the drum
And calls the flashing bayonet: "Come!"
And batteries challenge: "If you dare!" —
When all the standards wave unfurled,
And other clouds than Heaven's are hurled
To dim the beauty of the world,
And death floats free in air!

They most are soldiers, who shall keep
That climax of their manhood yet;
Who stand on guard when others sleep
And bear in mind what all forget!
Not in the clash of steel is found,
For them, the only battle-ground:
Equipped and armed, through life they go,
Their hearts' best blood resolved to spend,
Where Honor shows some grander end, —
For whom each true man is a friend,
And each false man a foe!

If knaves beguile, by felon art,
The shifting favor of the hour;
If civic rule from right depart,
And brazen Impudence has power:
If low Ambition buy his place
While Merit waits in half-disgrace,
Still undecided sways the fight:
The bugle still to charge commands;
There is no truce of tongues or hands,
No quarter, while one foeman stands
To mock eternal Right!

The idle blade is gnawed with rust,
Though meteor of a hundred fields;
The lance, unhandled, falls to dust,
That proved its grain on shivered shields.
And Manhood, that has learned to dare,
Should as a sword his courage wear,
His honor as a flag defend; —
Should stand, amid the heedless host,
A lifelong sentry at his post,
His sole device and knightly boast:
To break, but not to bend!

Soldiers of Peace! — in war began
Your service, and it must not cease
Until the soldier through the man
Has conquered and ennobled peace!
Frank eyes of youth grow bright, to trace
A spell on each historic face
That sets your lives their own above;
And woman's homage, sweet and shy,
Not woman's pride shall dare deny,
Since he who readiest is to die
Is truest in his love!

One loyal habit summons all
From out the dust of old desires.
One spark of truth your deeds let fall
Shall fill the land with fresher fires! —
Though Youth's belief be Manhood's doubt,
And generous hopes be trampled out
By cynic scorn or selfish will,

Yet honor stays, devotion burns,
And pride that mean concession spurns:
No man his early faith unlearns,
And keeps his manhood still!

This, Soldiers, be your chosen fate,
Your fame that longest shall endure;
'Tis noble, thus to save a State,
But nobler yet to make it pure.
For all whose swords were bravely crossed
There is no true cause that was lost!
Defeat unites with Victory
To win, for each, a grander aim, —
One Fatherland, redeemed from blame;
One Past, of sadder, prouder fame;
One Future, just and free!

THE BETTER WAY

SUSAN COOLIDGE

Who serves his country best?
Not he who, for a brief and stormy space,
Leads forth her armies to the fierce affray.
Short is the time of turmoil and unrest,
Long years of peace succeed it and replace:
There is a better way.

Who serves his country best?
Not he who guides her senates in debate,
And makes the laws which are her prop and stay;

Not he who wears the poet's purple vest
And sings her songs of love and grief and fate:
 There is a better way.

He serves his country best,
Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;
For speech has myriad tongues for every day,
And song but one; and law within the breast
Is stronger than the graven law on stone:
 This is a better way.

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest
A stainless record which all men may read:
 This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide,
No dew but has an errand to some flower,
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
And man by man, each giving to all the rest,
Makes the firm bulwark of the country's power:
 There is no better way.

THE SOLDIERS' RECESSIONAL

JOHN H. FINLEY

Down from the choir with feeble step and slow,
Singing their brave recessional they go,
 Gray, broken, choristers of war,

Bearing aloft before their age-dimmed eyes,
As 'twere their cross for sign of sacrifice,
The flags which they in battle bore, —

Down from the choir where late with hoarse throats
sang

Till all the sky-arched vast cathedral rang
With echoes of their rough-made song,
Where roared the organ's deep artillery,
And screamed the slender pipe's dread minstrelsy
In fierce debate of right and wrong.

Down past the altar, bright with flowers, they tread
The aisles 'neath which in sleep their comrades dead
Keep bivouac after their red strife,
Their own ranks thinner growing as they march
Into the shadows of the narrow arch
Which hides the lasting from this life.

Soon, soon, will pass the last gray pilgrim through
Of that thin line in surplices of blue
Winding as some tired stream a-sea;
Soon, soon, will sound upon our list'ning ears
His last song's quaver as he disappears
Beyond our answering litany;

And soon the faint antiphonal refrain,
Which memory repeats in sweetened strain,
Will come as from some far cloud-shore;
Then, for a space the hush of unspoke prayer,
And we who've knelt shall rise with heart to dare
The thing in peace they sang in war.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

RUDYARD KIPLING

LAND of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefiled heritage!

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our Birth, our Faith, our Pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!

THE FATHERLAND

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

WHERE is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
Oh yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives

After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another, —
Thank God for such a birthright, brother, —
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

STANZAS ON FREEDOM

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

MEN! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains, —
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

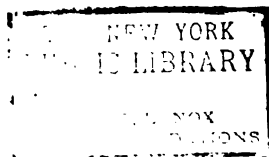
WASHINGTON

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

ARISE! — 'tis the day of our Washington's glory,
The garlands uplift for our liberties won,
And sing in your gladness his echoing story,
Whose sword swept for Freedom the fields of the sun.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the banners of stars that the continent span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!



WASHINGTON LAYING HIS COMMISSION AT THE FEET OF COLUMBIA.
From Mural Painting by Edwin H. Blashfield.



He gave us a nation; to make it immortal

He laid down for Freedom the sword that he drew,
And his faith leads us on through the uplifting portal
Of the glories of peace and our destinies new.

Not with gold, nor with gems,

But with evergreens vernal,

And the flags that the nations of liberty span,
Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man!

Lead, Face of the Future, serene in thy beauty,

Till o'er the dead heroes the Peace-star shall gleam,
Till Right shall be Might in the counsels of duty,
And the service of man be life's glory supreme.

Not with gold, nor with gems,

But with evergreens vernal,

And the flags that the nations in brotherhood span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Whose honor was gained by his service to man!

O Spirit of Liberty, sweet are thy numbers!

The winds to thy banners their tribute shall bring
While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers,
And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.

We follow thy counsels,

O hero eternal!

To highest achievements the school leads the van,
And, crowning thy brow with the evergreens vernal,
We pledge thee our all to the service of man!

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold: —
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” — The vision rais’d its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer’d, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote and vanish’d. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show’d the names whom love of God had bless’d,
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

THE HERO

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

“Oh for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

" Oh for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's field above, —
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love!

" Oh that man once more were manly,
Woman's pride, and not her scorn:
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast ' a man is born '!

" But now life's slumberous current
No sun-bowed cascade wakes;
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dullness breaks.

" Oh for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear! "

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
" Life hath its regal natures yet,
True, tender, brave and sweet!

" Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man, at least, I know,
Who might wear the crest of Bayard
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

"Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one, —

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.

"Woe for the weak and halting!
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabres,
Like fire before the wind!

"Last to fly, and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
Sank down a wounded Greek.

"With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again!

"He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there!

“ ‘ Allah! hu! ’ Through flashing sabres,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

“ Hot spurred the turbaned riders;
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.

“ One brave and manful struggle, —
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band! ”

“ It was very great and noble,”
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
“ But one brave deed makes no hero;
Tell me what he since hath been! ”

“ Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honor without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.

“ But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true!
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

" Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot-clay a mind.

" Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor
And childhood's heart of play.

" True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

" As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday skies,
All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.

" Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave, —

" Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.

“ Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here? ”

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING

Extract

ALFRED AUSTIN

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh;
Long as at tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget;
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
And loyal Hope survives,
And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act
Life is worth living still.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE

CHARLES MACKAY

WHAT might be done if men were wise, —
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
 Would they unite
 In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness;
 And knowledge pour,
 From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
 And wine and corn,
 To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
 Might stand erect
 In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother, —
 More than the tongue
 E'er said or sung,
If men were wise, and loved each other.

IN TIMES OF PEACE

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

'Twas said: "When roll of drum and battle's roar
Shall cease upon the earth, O, then no more

"The deed, the race, of heroes in the land."
But scarce that word was breathed when one small hand

Lifted victorious o'er a giant wrong
That had its victims crushed through ages long;

Some woman set her pale and quivering face,
Firm as a rock, against a man's disgrace;

A little child suffered in silence lest
His savage pain should wound a mother's breast;

Some quiet scholar flung his gauntlet down
And risked, in Truth's great name, the synod's frown;

A civic hero, in the calm realm of laws,
Did that which suddenly drew a world's applause;

And one to the pest his lithe young body gave
That he a thousand thousand lives might save.

VOICES OF THE SPIRITS

From Prometheus Unbound

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

FIRST SPIRIT

On a battle-trumpet's blast
I fled hither, fast, fast, fast,
'Mid the darkness upward cast.
From the dust of creeds outworn,
From the tyrant's banner torn,
Gathering round me, onward borne,
There was mingled many a cry —
Freedom! Hope! Death! Victory!
Till they faded through the sky;
And one sound above, around,
One sound beneath, around, above,
Was moving; 'twas the soul of love;
'Twas the hope, the prophecy,
Which begins and ends in thee.

SECOND SPIRIT

A rainbow's arch stood on the sea,
Which rocked beneath, immovably;
And the triumphant storm did flee,
Like a conqueror, swift and proud,
Begirt with many a captive cloud,
A shapeless, dark and rapid crowd,
Each by lightning riven in half.
I heard the thunder hoarsely laugh.

Mighty fleets were strewn like chaff
And spread beneath a hell of death
O'er the white waters. I alit
On a great ship lightning-split,
And speeded hither on the sigh
Of one who gave an enemy
His plank, then plunged aside to die.

THIRD SPIRIT

I sat beside a sage's bed,
And the lamp was burning red
Near the book where he had fed,
When a Dream with plumes of flame
To his pillow hovering came,
And I knew it was the same
Which had kindled long ago
Pity, eloquence, and woe;
And the world awhile below
Wore the shade its lustre made.
It has borne me here as fleet
As Desire's lightning feet;
I must ride it back ere morrow,
Or the sage will wake in sorrow.

FOURTH SPIRIT

On a poet's lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept;
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aërial kisses

Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality!
One of these awakened me,
And I sped to succor thee.

"WHEN THERE IS PEACE"

AUSTIN DOBSON

*"When there is Peace our land no more
Will be the land we knew of yore."*

Thus do our facile seers foretell
The truth that none can buy or sell
And e'en the wisest must ignore.
When we have bled at every pore,
Shall we still strive for gear and store?
Will it be Heaven? Will it be Hell?
When there is Peace.

This let us pray for, this implore:
That, all base dreams thrust out at door,
We may in loftier aims excel
And, like men waking from a spell,
Grow stronger, nobler, than before,
When there is Peace.

WE THAT LOOK ON

AUSTIN DOBSON

WE that look on, with God's goodwill,
Have one plain duty to fulfil:

To drive — by all fair means — afar
This hideous Juggernaut of War,
And teach the Future not to kill.

But there's a plainer duty still:
We need to meet the instant ill,
To heal the wound, to hide the scar —
We that look on!

What timelier task for brain and quill
Than aiding eyes no light can thrill,
No sight of all good things that are,
No morning sky, no evening star —
Shall we not help with all our skill,
We that look on?

THE RED CROSS SPIRIT SPEAKS

JOHN H. FINLEY

WHEREVER war, with its red woes,
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,
There, too, go I;
If earth in any quarter quakes
Or pestilence its ravage makes,
Thither I fly.

I kneel behind the soldier's trench,
I walk 'mid shambles' smear and stench,
 The dead I mourn;
I bear the stretcher and I bend
O'er Fritz and Pierre and Jack to mend
 What shells have torn.

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
 And love can live,
Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering,
 Or solace give.

I helped upon Haldora's shore;
With Hospitaller Knights I bore
 The first red cross;
I was the Lady of the Lamp;
I saw in Solferino's camp
 The crimson loss.

I am your pennies and your pounds;
I am your bodies on their rounds
 Of pain afar;
I am you, doing what you would
If you were only where you could —
 Your avatar.

The cross which on my arm I wear,
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
 Is but the sign

Of what you'd sacrifice for him
Who suffers on the hellish rim
Of War's red line.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Extract from a speech on national questions at Chicago, April 10, 1899

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I WISH to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of ignoble ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself and from his sons shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace, is to be the first consideration in their eyes — to be the ultimate goal after which they strive?

You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that though they may have leisure it is not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure

merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research — work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honor upon the nation.

We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious efforts, the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort.

Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune.

But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, even though perhaps not of vicious enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer on the earth's surface; and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows, if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ulti-

mately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat.

.

No country can long endure if its foundations are not laid deep in the material prosperity which comes from thrift, from business energy and enterprise, from hard, unsparing effort in the fields of industrial activity; but neither was any nation ever yet truly great if it relied upon material prosperity alone. All honor must be paid to the architects of our material prosperity; to the great captains of industry who have built our factories and our railroads; to the strong men who toil for wealth with brain or hand, for great is the debt of the nation to these and their kind. But our debt is yet greater to the men whose highest type is to be found in a statesman like Lincoln, a soldier like Grant. They showed by their lives that they recognized the law of work, the law of strife; they toiled to win a competence for themselves and those dependent upon them; but they recognized that there were yet other and even loftier duties — duties to the nation and duties to the race.

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¹ Written in 1843 by Thomas à Becket, an English actor, at that time playing in Philadelphia. Frequently attributed to David T. Shaw, the singer, for whom the verses were written, and sometimes to Timothy Dwight.

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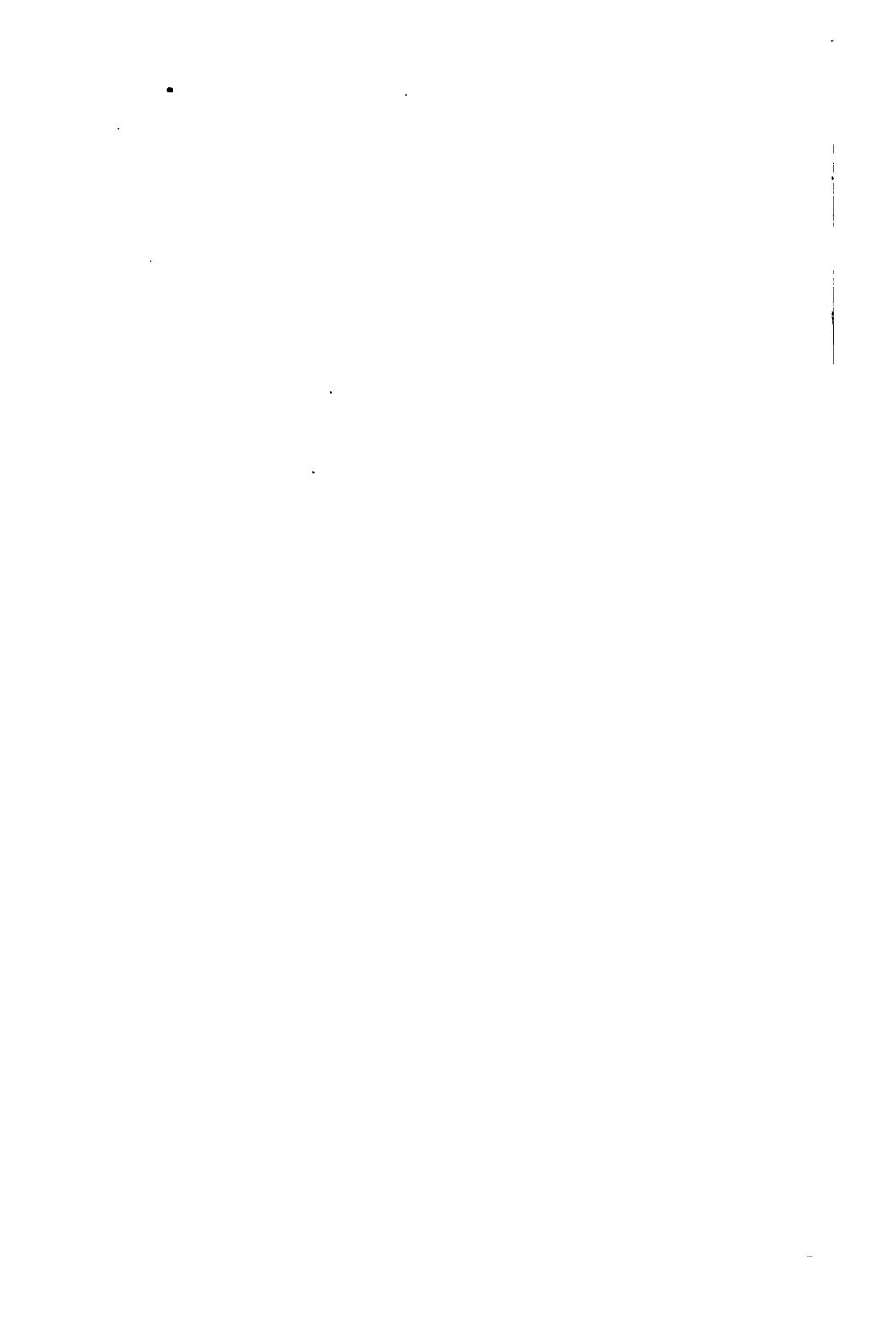
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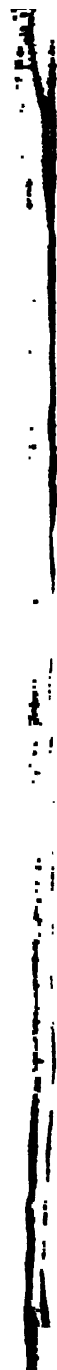
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